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# THE SHO-GUN

AN ORIGINAL COMIC OPERA
IN TWO ACTS.

BOOK & LYRICS BY

## GEORGE ADE

*Author of "PEGGY FROM PARIS"*
*"THE SULTAN OF SULU."*

MUSIC BY

## GUSTAV LUDERS.

*Composer of "PRINCE OF PILSEN," "KING DODO."*

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# The Sho-Gun.

A Comic Opera in Two Acts.

Produced under the Management of

HENRY W. SAVAGE.

Book and Lyrics by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Spangle | CHRIS BRUNO. |
| Hanki-Pank | ETIENNE GIRARDOT. |
| Kee-Otori | DAVID TORRENCE. |
| Flai-Hai. (The Sho-Gun) | EDW. MARTINDALE. |
| Tee-To | CLYDE Mc KINLEY. |
| Ensign | N. E. DAIGNAULT. |
| Omee-Omi | TRIXIE FRIGANZA. |
| Hunni-Bun | ANNA WILSON. |
| Moozoo-May | ADELINE SHARP. |
| Hi-Faloot | FLORENCE MORRISON. |

## SYNOPSIS.

### ACT I.

In front of the ancestral temples, outside of the city walls and near the Gate of Victory, of the Forbidden City of Kachoo.

### ACT II.

The Wistaria Garden of the Forbidden City.

Kachoo is an imaginary and secluded island in the Sea of Japan between Japan and Corea. It is supposed to be untouched by modern civilization.

Time—The present.

| | |
|---|---|
| Staged by | GEORGE MARION. |
| Musical Director | JOHN Mc GHIE. |

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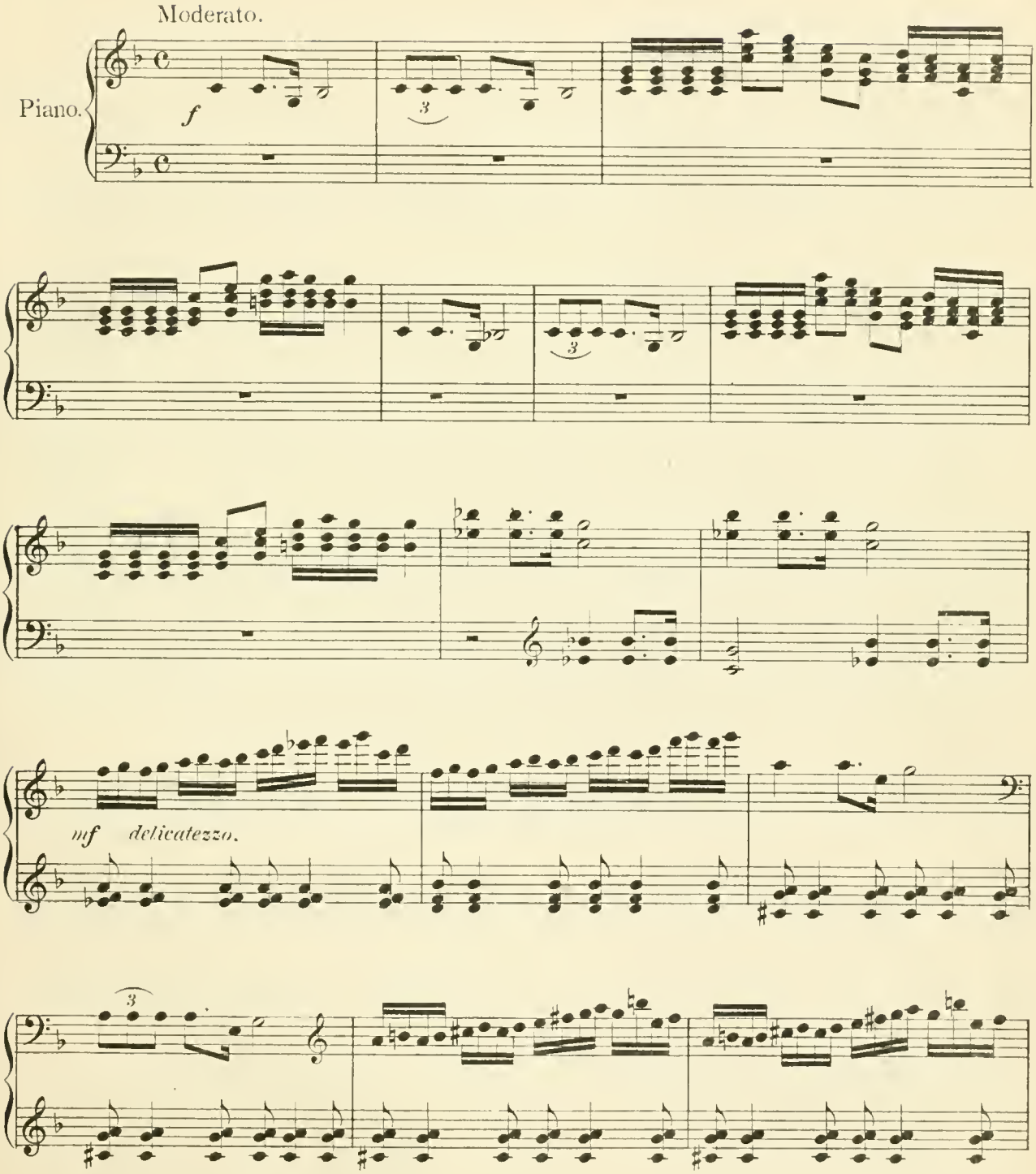
ACT I.

# No 1. Opening Chorus.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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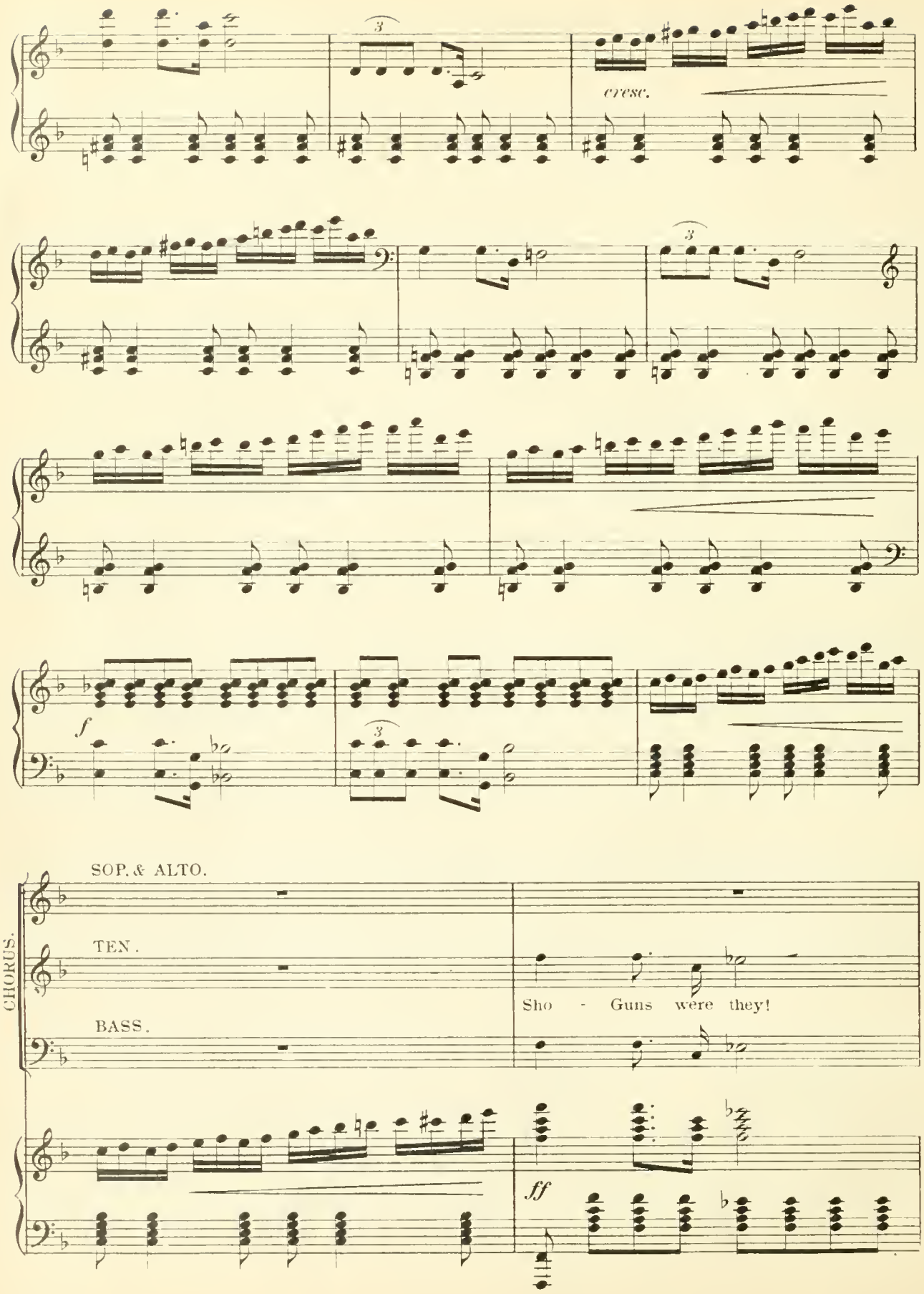

cresc.
f
SOP. & ALTO.
TEN.
BASS.
CHORUS.
Sho - Guns were they!
ff

*mf*

Let us all u - nite in sing - ing

Hail to the na - tal day!

*mf*

Prais - es to the might - y Ming!

Cus - tom - a - ry trib - ute bring - ing

To our late de - part - ed King!

*f*

Sho - Guns were they!

*f*

*f*

*mf*

Hail to the na - tal day

Once a - gain you hear us sing - ing

*mf*

Prais - es to the might - y Ming!

Cus - tom - a - ry trib - ute bring - ing

To our late de - part - ed King.

*mf*

Hail to his name!

*mf*

Hail to his name!

*f*

Hail to his name!

*f*

*f*

Shout a - loud the sto - ry

3

Let us all hail his name!

3

3

*mf*

Of our coun - try's glo - - ry.

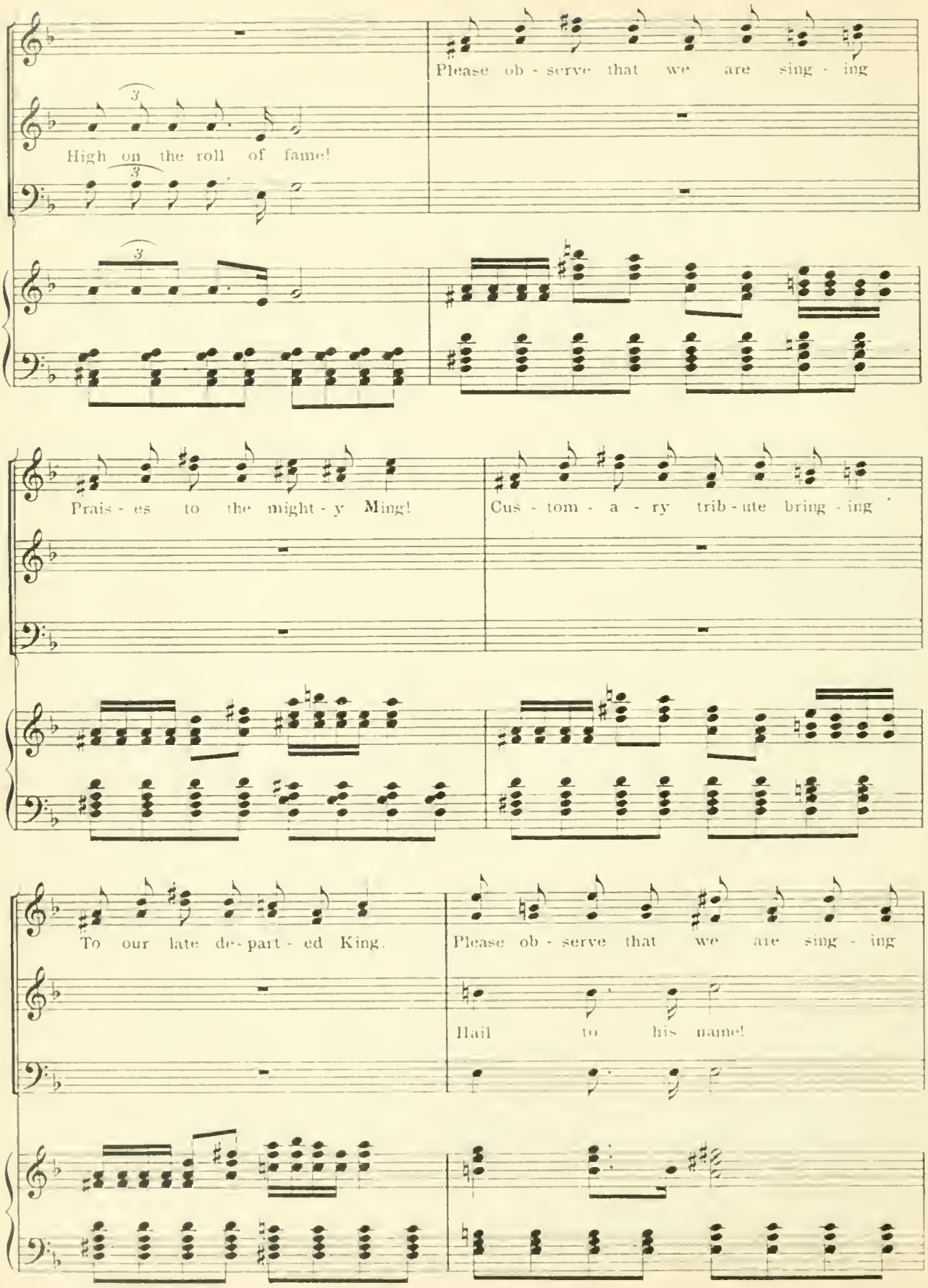
*f*

Hail to his name!

*f*

*mf*

*f*


Please ob - serve that we are sing - ing
High on the roll of fame!
Prais - es to the might - y Ming!
Cus - tom - a - ry trib - ute bring - ing
To our late de - part - ed King.
Please ob - serve that we are sing - ing
Hail to his name!

Cus - tom - a - ry trib - ute bring - ing To the might - y Ming.

High on the roll of fame! Greet - ing to the

our de - part - ed King. *ff* Let us all u - nite in sing - ing

no - ble Sho - Gun. Let us all u - nite in sing - ing

*ff*

*ff*

Prais - es to the might - y Ming. Cus - tom - a - ry trib - ute bring - ing

Prais - es to the might - y Ming. Cus - tom - a - ry trib - ute bring - ing

To our late de - part - ed King. Please ob - serve that we are sing - ing,

To our late de - part - ed King. Hail to his name!

Cus - tom - a - ry trib - ute bring - ing. Greet - ing to our

High on the roll of fame. Greet - ing to our

no - ble Sho - Gun. Let us all u - nite in sing - ing

no - ble Sho - Gun. Let us all u - nite in sing - ing

Prais - es to the might - y Ming! Cus - tom - a - ry trib - ute bring - ing

Prais - es to the might - y Ming! Cus - tom - a - ry trib - ute bring - ing

To our late de-part - ed King! Hail to his name High on the roll of fame!

To our late de-part - ed King! Hail to his name High on the roll of fame!

Hail to his name High on the roll of fame. Hail to his fame, to his fame, to his fame.

Hail to his name High on the roll of fame. Hail to his fame, to his fame, to his fame.

*pp*

Allegro.

Allegro.

*f* Girls enter.

SING-SONG GIRLS.

When a hol - i - day comes 'tis then you'll see All the frol - ic-some maid - ens

such as we, Who're liv - ing on laugh - ter, love, and tea, With

hearts as light as down. We're fool - ish young things we can't de - ny, We're

in - no - cent things and can't tell why, We're fol-lowed when-ev - er tod-dling by, By

all the men in town. 'Tis a ter - ri - ble thing to

be so bright That the men are pur - su - ing day and night, Pro -

pri - e - ty calls for a sense of fright, Or else a for - bid - ding

frown. We swarm each day in a thor - ough - fare Where

men will stand as we pass, and stare, We're reg - u - lar girls of the

kind you know, the kind you know.

SING-SONG GIRLS and ATTENDANTS.

PRIESTS.

Hail the name of high and might-y Sho - Gun!

*ff*

Sho - Gun!

Sho - Gun! Hail the name of high and might - y Sho - Gun!

*ff*

Sho - Gun!

Sho - Gun! Tell his fame in song and sto - ry,

*ff*

*ff*

*ff* *mf*

Tell his fame in song and sto - ry.

*mf*

Let us all re - cite his glo - ry,

*f*

*mf*

Let us all re - cite his glo - ry.

Sho - Gun!

Sho - Gun!

Sho - Gun!

Sho - Gun! Sho - - Gun! Sho - - Gun!

Sho - - Gun! Sho - - Gun!

When a hol - i - day comes 'tis then you'll see, All the

La la la la

*f*

frol - ic - some maid - ens such as we, Who're liv - ing on laugh - ter,

la la la la la la

love, and tea, With hearts that are light as down. We're

la la la la la They're

fool - ish things we can't de - ny, We're in - no - cent things and

fool - ish things we can't de - ny, They're in - no - cent things and

can't tell why, We're fol - lowed a - bout, fol - lowed a - bout,

can't tell why, They're fol - lowed a - bout, fol - lowed a - bout,

By all the men in town.

They're in - no - cent things and

We're fol - lowed when-ev - er tod - dling by, By all the men in

can't tell why, By all the men in

town ___ By all the men in town, ___ By all the men in

town ___ By all the men in town, ___ By all the men in

town, All the men in town, All the

town, All the men in town, All the

men in town.

men in town.

*ff*

SHAMAN.
*Recitativo (with dignity and express)*

Come, let us ask a ben - e - dic - tion From the proud spir - it of our might - y

*p*

*fz*

dead. We will in - vent some bold and pleas - ing fic - tion, To grat - i -

*decres.*

*p*

*marcato.*

Allegro.

fy the soul so late - ly fled.

*f*

# No 2. Little Moozoo-May.

Moozoo-May and Chorus.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.

Moderato.

MOOZOO-MAY.

Voice.

Piano.

*f*

The rose of June can feel no sor - row, It nev - er droops or says: "Ah me" It nev - er sees a sad to - mor - row, But

The rose of June is not re - tir - ing, It wears a man - ner most se - rene, And smiles on oth - er buds as - pir - ing To

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greets each day with rap - ture free. Why should a girl so young and
be as love - ly as their queen. Why should a girl of match - less

Ah!

charm - ing, Be less con - fid - ing than the rose? For
beau - ty, Her ma - ny charm - ing traits dis - own? If

Ah Ah Ah

me this life holds naught a - larm - ing, Each morn - ing will new joys dis - close.
she ex - cels it is her du - ty To lift her head and bloom a - lone.

Ah Ah Ah Ah She's
She's

*f*

I'm like the rose that blooms in June.
I'm like the rose in this re - spect.

like the rose that blooms in June.
like the rose in this re - spect.

She
A

*pp*

*pp*

I give no thought to aft - er - noon.
A fra-grant thing with-out de - fect.

gives no thought to aft - er - noon.
fra - grant thing with-out de - fect.

*f*

Like a rose-bud red I can hang my head,

rose-bud red hang her head,

*mf*

I can sway and pose like the droop-ing rose.

Sway and pose droop-ing rose.

*p*

*f*

But I'm not a flow'r of a pass-ing hour, I'm a

Not a flow'r pass-ing hour,

*p*

*rit.* *ten.*

hap-py lit-tle sing-ing girl, I'm a jol-ly, pleas-ure-bring-ing girl. For I'm a

La la la la la la la la la la la la la

Allegretto.

dain - ty lit - tle Moo - zoo - May, Clev - er lit - tle Moo-zoo - May,

*pp*

When the sham - o - sen I'm play - ing, Come the men from far and near.

Most be - witch - ing Moo - zoo - May, Quite en - tranc - ing Moo - zoo - May,

Fas - ci - na - ting, cap - ti - va - ting, Lit - tle Moo - zoo - May.

CHORUS.

Dain-ty lit-tle Moo-zoo-May, Clev-er lit-tle Moo-zoo-May, When the sham-o-

Dain-ty lit-tle Moo-zoo-May, Clev-er lit-tle Moo-zoo-May, When the sham-o-

*f*

sen she's play-ing, Come the men from far and near. Most be-witch-ing Moo-zoo-May,

sen she's play-ing, Come the men from far and near. Most be-witch-ing Moo-zoo-May,

Quite en-tranc-ing Moo-zoo-May, Fas-ci-nat-ing, cap-ti-va-ting, lit-tle Moo-zoo-May.

Quite en-tranc-ing Moo-zoo-May, Fas-ci-nat-ing, cap-ti-va-ting, lit-tle Moo-zoo-May.

*D.C.*

# № 3. Entrance of Hanki-Pank.

Words by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.

Maestoso.

Piano.

*f*

Allegretto.

HANKI - PANK. *Pompously.*

Each day I most de - vout - ly thank the

*f*

gods for mak - ing Han - ki - Pank A per - son of such ster - ling worth, The

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wis - est mor - tal on this earth. That I am wise No

one de - nies, My judg - ment is so fault - less That it

nev - er can go wrong. And you will know That this is so when I

*p*

tell you that I dont in - tend To

*rit.*

SOP. & ALTO.

He does not in - tend.

*f*

sing a com - ic song.

We hum - bly thank you

*p* *f*

Han - ki Pank, your judg - ment cant go wrong. And we

*rit.*

will not in - flict a song.

know it when you say that you will not in - flict a song.

*rit.*

# Chorus of Bachelors.

No 4a

"A Life all free from Care."

Solo: I'll Live for You.

TEE-TO.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.

Allegro con spirito.

Piano.

*ff*

CHORUS.

TENOR. *f*

We

BASS. *f*

scoff at the man who sits at home, With ju - nior on his knee. Sing

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Ho! for the chap who's free to roam, The bach - e - lor bold and free!_____ For

*f*

why should a fel - low con - cen - trate His love_ and one a - dore,_ When

Refrain.

he can re - main_ in sin - gle state, And_ love at least a score?_____ Then

tempt us not With the sight of maid - ens fair, For

who would dwell in a vine - clad cot, When he can be free as

air? As free my boys, as the air, my boys, and

ram - bling ev - 'ry - where. With a song and a shout for the

night - ly bout, And a life all free from care.

Allegro.

Enter TEE-TO

Allegro.

*f*

Recit.

Cease I pray you, Your cheap bra - va - do.

With much feeling.

A - cross my reck-less pathway there has

TENOR.

What say you, . Bra - va - do?

BASS.

*f*

*cello espress.*

*dolce*

strayed, A most di - vine - ly fair and lus-cious maid. No more for

me the jo - vial drink - ing song, Thus shall I plead with her the whole day

*rit.*

*f*

*ff*

3

*rit.*

# "I'll Live For You."

No. 4b

Solo Tee-To.

long. Oh! come with

Thus will he plead the whole day long. The

Thus will he plead the whole day long. Thus

me, sweet crea - ture young and fair, With

whole day long. Thus he'll plead the whole day

he will plead the whole day

you I'll dwell in a vine - clad cot, Our life shall be free from

long, Thus he will plead the whole

long, Thus he will plead the

care. For you, my love are the one my love, My

day long all love the whole day long,

whole day all love the whole day long,

queen be-yond com - pare. Do not fear, do not doubt, Such a

The whole day long. Thus he will

The whole day long. Thus he will

*dim. e rit.*

love de - vout, I'll live for you I swear.

plead the day, The day, the day long.

plead the day, The day, the day long.

*dim. e rit.*

# Entrance of Maids of Honor.

## No 5.

TRIO.

Keep Your Eye on the Girl Just Out.

Hunni-Bun, Hi-Faloot, Kee-Otori.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.

Allegretto grazioso.

Piano.

*mf*

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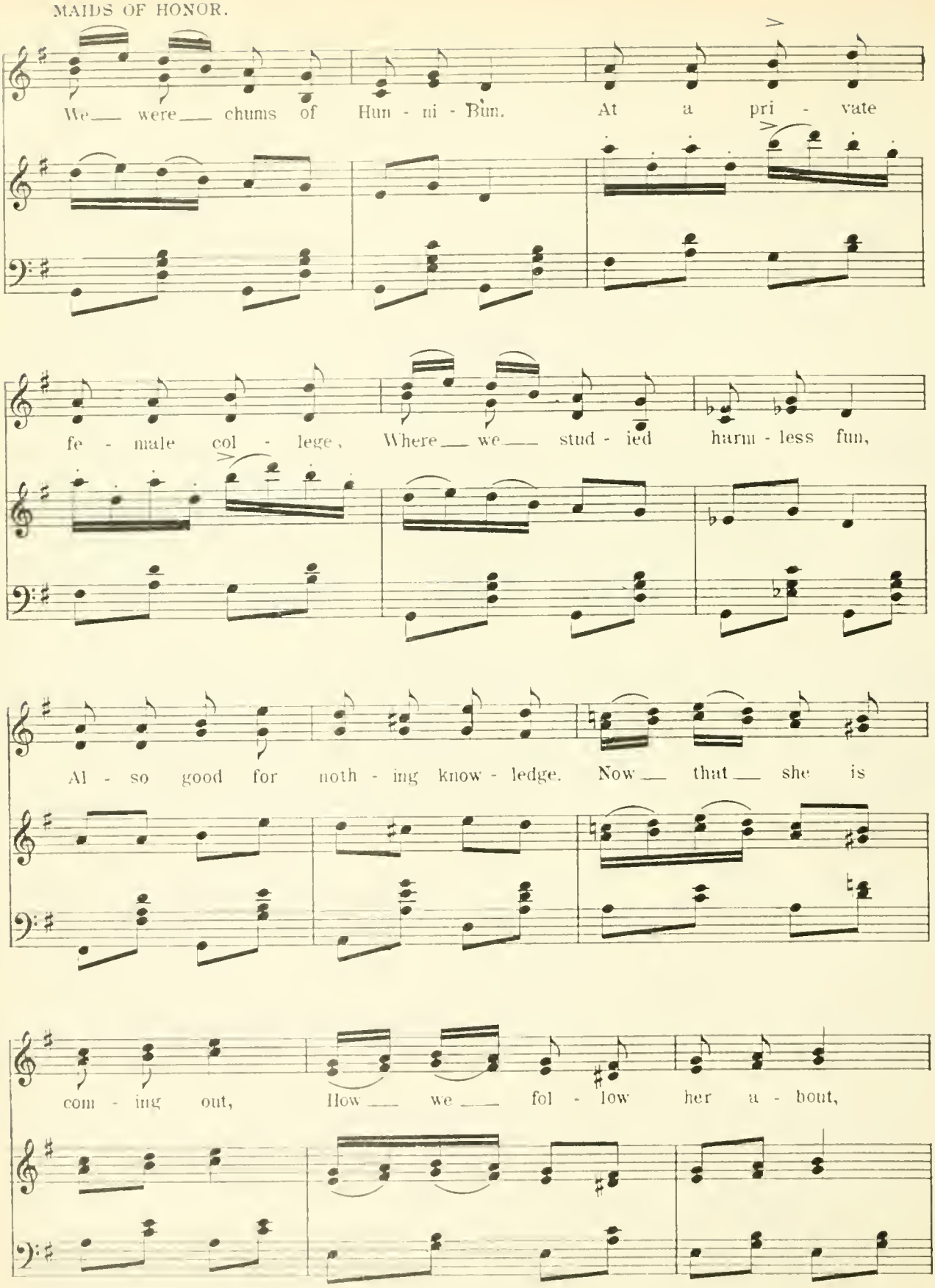
MAIDS OF HONOR.



So - cial buds of this year's crop, De - bu - tant - es

right on top, For ev - 'ry girl of high de - gree

Who goes in - to so - ci - e - ty Will need com

pan - ions such as we. as we.

*f*

HUNNI-BUN.

Cus - tom says that I must nev - er ven - ture out a - lone,
Mrs. — Sher - wood tells pre - cise - ly what a girl should do.

*p*

HI-FALOOT.

Ev - ry girl should be pro - tect - ed by a chap - e - ron.
El - la Wheel - er Wil - cox al - so knows a thing or two.

KEE-OTORI.

Like - wise by a male whose vast in - teg - ri - ty is known,
Still I think she needs a man to safe - ly pull her through,

HUNNI-BUN.

*ten.*

Tempo di Valse.

That is why I nev - er must be seen a - lone.
Yes, I al - ways need a man to pull me through.

*rit. - - -*

*P dolce.*

Ped.

And al-though it may seem cru-el To be guard-ed night and
For I find my-self be-guil-ing With a soft and brok-en

*p*

day, I'm quite the pre-cious jew-el The men would steal a-
sigh, Or I set the beaux to smil-ing By the twink-le of my

way. To be guard-ed
eye. With a soft and

HI-FALOOT.

And al-though it may seem cru-el To be guard-ed
For she finds her-self be-guil-ing With a soft and

KEE-OTORI.

night and day, I'm quite the pre - cious jew -
brok - en sigh, Or sets the beaux to smil -

night and day, She's quite the pre - cious jew -
brok - en sigh, Or she sets the beaux to smil -

Allegro.

HUNNI-BUN.

el The men would steal a - way. So
ing By the twin - kle of my eye.

el The men would steal a - way.
ing By the twin - kle of her eye

keep your eye on the girl just out, on the girl just out. She

does not know what she is a - bout, what she is a - bout. And

Mrs. Grun - dy will de - clare The sil - ly crea - ture does - n't care, So

keep your eye on the girl just out, the girl just out!

CHORUS.

So

So

CHORUS.

keep your eye on the girl just out, on the girl just out. She does - n't know what she

keep your eye on the girl just out, on the girl just out. She does - n't know what she

is a - bout, what she is a - bout. And Mrs. Grun - dy will de - clare the

is a - bout, what she is a - bout. And Mrs. Grun - dy will de - clare the

sil - ly crea-ture does-n't care So keep your eye on the girl just out, the girl just out!

sil - ly crea-ture does-n't care So keep your eye on the girl just out, the girl just out!

# I Am "Yours Truly"

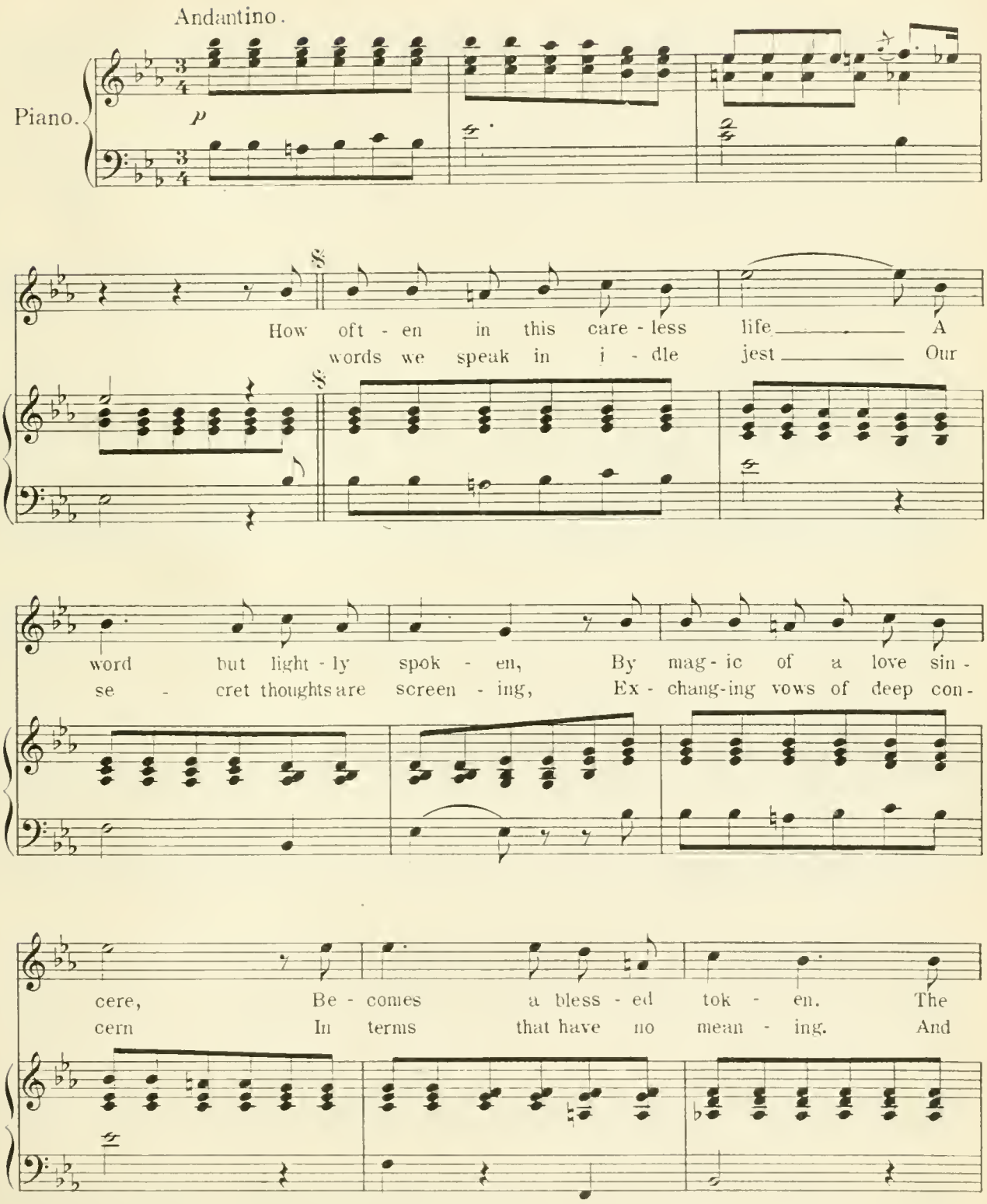
BALLAD.

(TEE-TO.)

No 6.

Words by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.

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for - mal mes - sage that I send to you Would thrill your ve - ry soul if
yet at times the clasp of friend - ly hand Ap - peals far more than du - ty's

*ten.* *molto rit. with emplasis and espression.*

you but knew, That ev - 'ry word I write is more than true, I
loud com - mand. And so I pray that she may un - der - stand, I

Andantino. *not dragging.*

am, I am yours tru - ly I am, I am yours tru - ly, And
am, I am hers tru - ly

*p*

*tenderly.*

will be ev - er more, The mean - ing of those sim - ple words I

nev - er knew be - fore. Time can - not change my deep de -

vo - tion, Stead-fast my heart shall be, I am, I am yours

*cresc.*

*rit.*

tru - ly, My soul be - longs to thee!

*f*

1 2

2. The

# Flutter, Little Bird.

QUARTETTE.

Hunni-Bun, Hi-Faloot, Tee-To, Kee-Otori.

№ 7.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.

Allegretto.

Piano.

*f*

HI-FALOOT.

Ob - serve the lov - ing moth - er bird, Up
At din - ner par - ties you have met Young
You've seen the man from up the road, With
The wom - an who is up - to - date, Must

*p*

in the spread-ing tree, Cor - rect with stern but lov - ing word, Her
Mis - ter Par - ve - nu, Who views the knives and forks and spoons, And
lots of read y cash; Who takes a suite a' ten per day, And
join a read - ing club, Where mat - rons meet to an - al - yze, The

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## KEE-OTORI.

ten - der chick - a - dee. The feath - ered young - ster tries to flap. His
won - ders what to do. He eats the blue - points with a spoon, For
hopes to cut a dash. His din - ner coat is ver - y short, His
pop - u - lar flub - dub. It's hard on Mrs. Mal - a - prop, Who

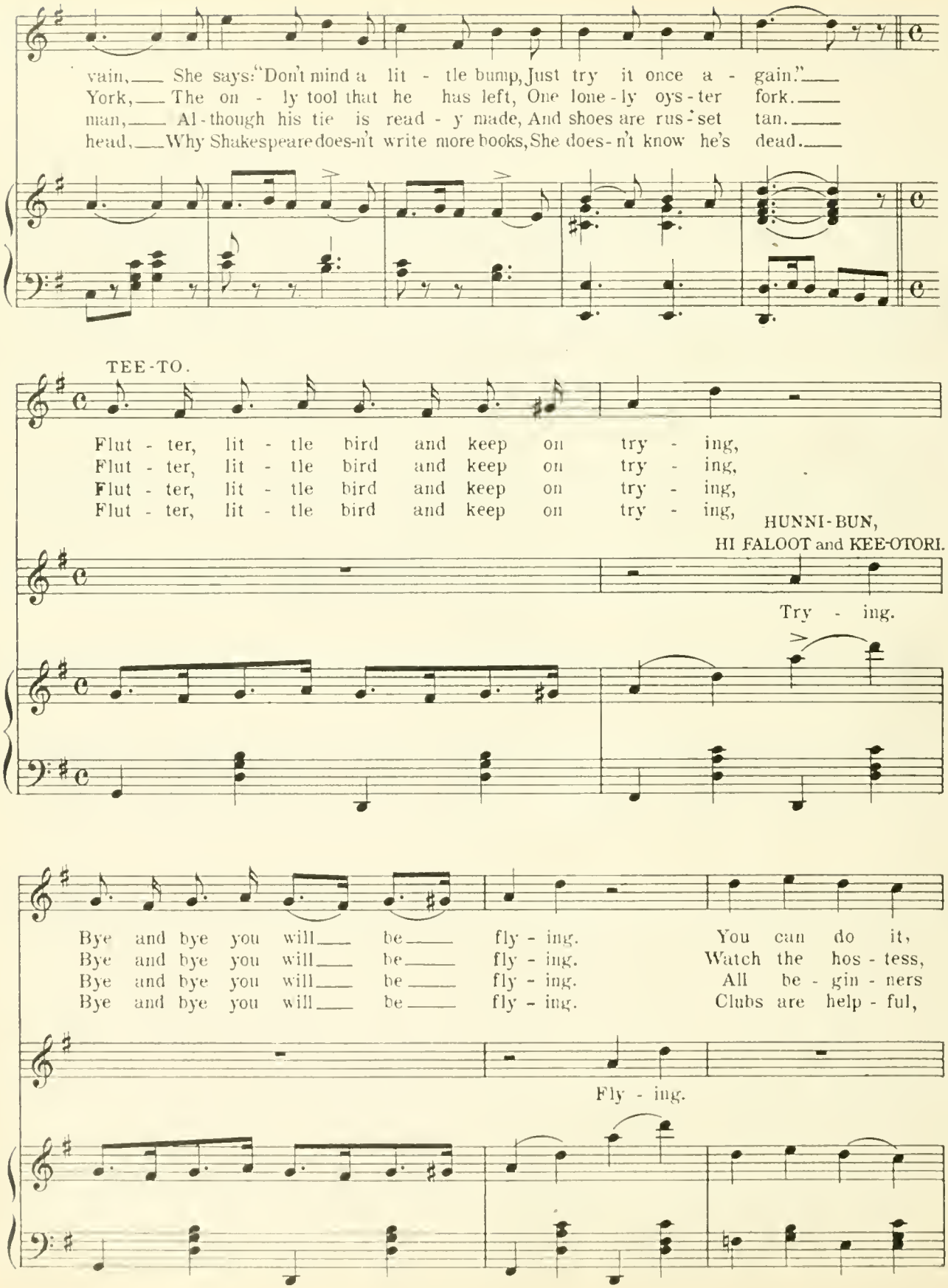
em - bry - on - ic wings, While moth - er cheers the lit - tle chap, As
fish he'll use a knife, He can't pick out the sal - ad fork, To
hat is ver - y high, The four - teen ka - rat stud he wears, Will
used to be a cook, And un - til hub - by struck it rich, Had

## HUNNI-BUN.

to the bough he clings. He makes a most he - ro - ic jump, A - las it is in
save his mor - tal life. At last the dem - i - tasse is served, A la Mar - tin's, New
blind each pas - ser - by. But ig - no-rance with him is bliss, And he's a hap - py
nev - er read a book. She thinks that Kip - ling wrote Beaucaire, And can't get in her

6172 g

U. OF ILL. LIB.


vain, She says: "Don't mind a lit - tle bump, Just try it once a - gain."
York, The on - ly tool that he has left, One lone - ly oys - ter fork.
man, Al - though his tie is read - y made, And shoes are rus - set tan.
head, Why Shakespeare does-n't write more books, She does - n't know he's dead.
TEE-TO.
Flut - ter, lit - tle bird and keep on try - ing,
Flut - ter, lit - tle bird and keep on try - ing,
Flut - ter, lit - tle bird and keep on try - ing,
Flut - ter, lit - tle bird and keep on try - ing,
HUNNI-BUN,
HI FALOOT and KEE-OTORI.
Try - ing.
Bye and bye you will be fly - ing. You can do it,
Bye and bye you will be fly - ing. Watch the hos - tess,
Bye and bye you will be fly - ing. All be - gin - ners
Bye and bye you will be fly - ing. Clubs are help - ful,
Fly - ing.

take my word, Keep on flut - ter - ing, lit - tle bird.
mum's the word, Keep on flut - ter - ing, lit - tle bird.
look ab - surd, Keep on flut - ter - ing, lit - tle bird.
so I've heard, Keep on flut - ter - ing, lit - tle bird.

HUNNI-BUN and HI FALOOT.

Flut - ter lit - tle bird and keep on try - ing, Bye and bye you will___ be___
Flut - ter lit - tle bird and keep on try - ing, Bye and bye you will___ be___
Flut - ter lit - tle bird and keep on try - ing, Bye and bye you will___ be___
Flut - ter lit - tle bird and keep on try - ing, Bye and bye you will___ be___

TEE-TO and KEE-OTORI.

fly - ing. You can do it, take my word, Keep on flut-ter - ing, lit - tle bird.
fly - ing. Watch the hos - tess, mum's the word, Keep on flut-ter - ing, lit - tle bird.
fly - ing. All be - gin - ners look ab - surd, Keep on flut-ter - ing, lit - tle bird.
fly - ing. Clubs are help-ful, so I've heard, Keep on flut-ter - ing, lit - tle bird.

No 8a

# Chorus of Soldiers.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.

Tempo di Marcia.

Piano.

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS.

We are a mer - ce - na - ry lot Of O - ri - ent - al ran - gers,

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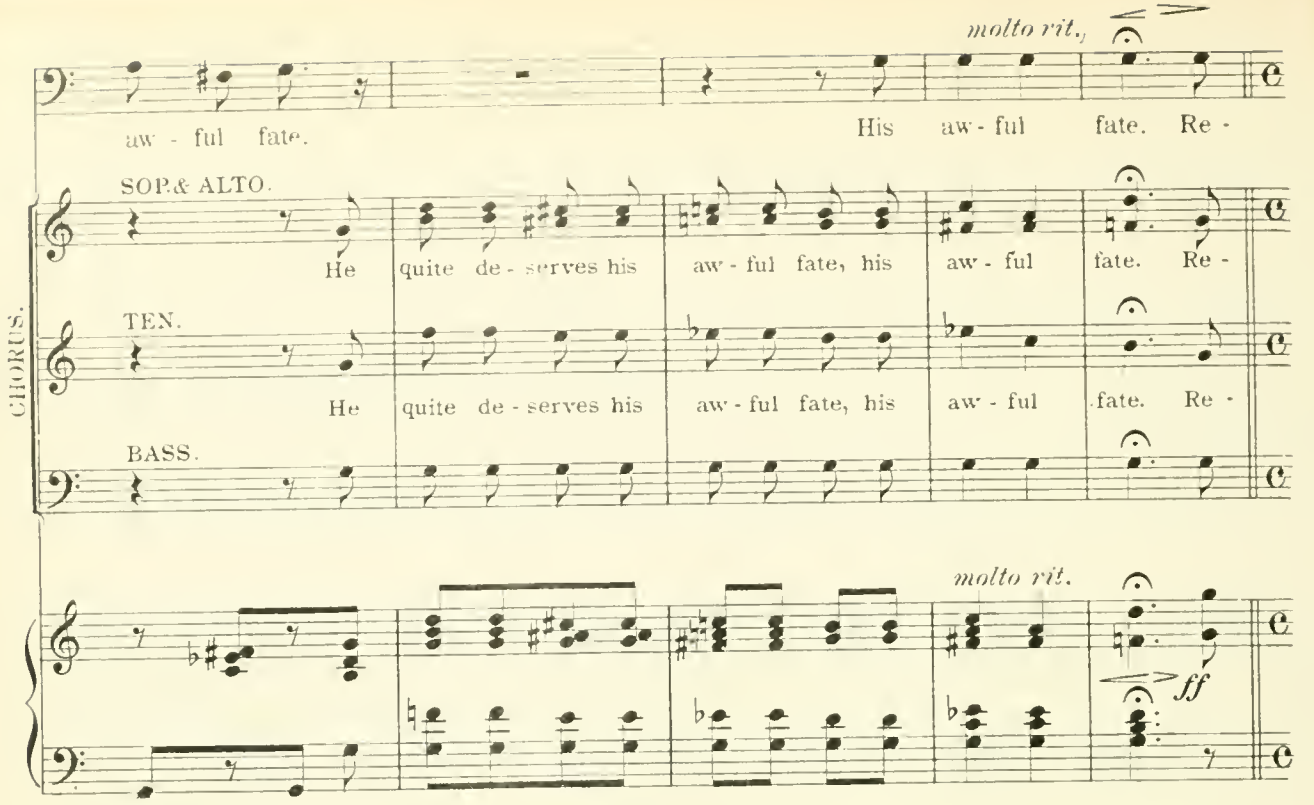
Read - y to join in a - ny plot That's quite de-void of dan-gers. Ev - 'ry trick of the

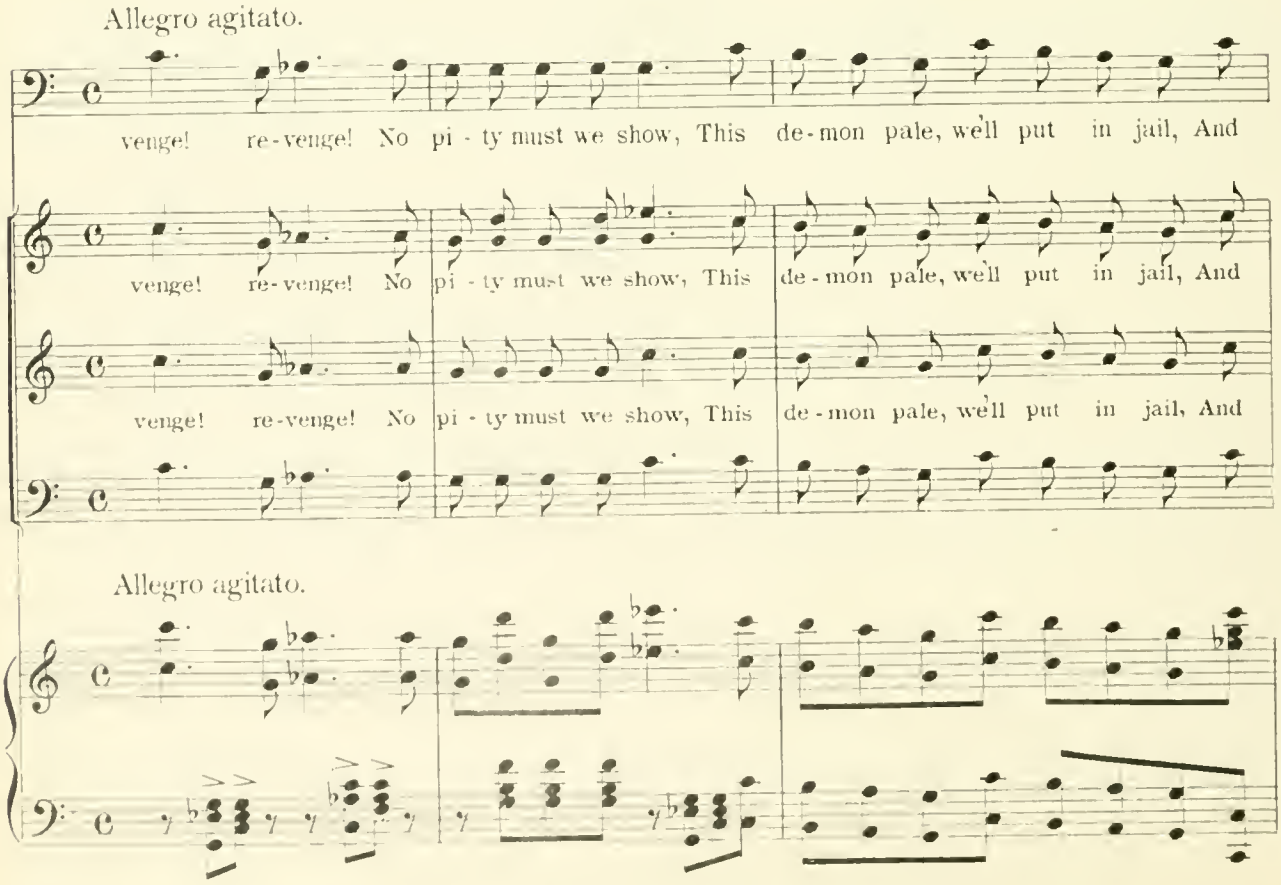
sol-diers trade, To us an old, old sto - ry, We'd rath - er pose on dress pa - rade Than

KEE-OTORI.

Be bold and do not hes - i - tate, He quite de-serves his

die on the field of glo - ry.


molto rit.
aw - ful fate.
His aw - ful fate. Re -
SOP.& ALTO.
He quite de - serves his aw - ful fate, his aw - ful fate. Re -
TEN.
He quite de - serves his aw - ful fate, his aw - ful fate. Re -
BASS.
CHORUS.
molto rit.
ff


Allegro agitato.
venge! re-venge! No pi - ty must we show, This de-mon pale, we'll put in jail, And
venge! re-venge! No pi - ty must we show, This de-mon pale, we'll put in jail, And
venge! re-venge! No pi - ty must we show, This de-mon pale, we'll put in jail, And
Allegro agitato.

kill with tor-ture slow! Be - hold! He comes! He walks in-to the trap. His

kill with tor-ture slow! Be - hold! He comes! He walks in-to the trap. His

kill with tor-ture slow! Be - hold! He comes! He walks in-to the trap. His

end is near, for soon he'll hear A rous - ing thun - der - clap.

end is near, for soon he'll hear A rous - ing thun - der - clap.

end is near, for soon he'll hear A rous - ing thun - der - clap.

*ff*

No 8b

# The Irrepressible Yank.

Entrance of Spangle.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.

Tempo di Marcia.

Piano.

*f*

Wher - ev - er Brit - ish drum-beats sound, Un - end - ing 'round the world;
We un - der - bid the for - eign trade, Wher - ev - er we may roam;
The sav - age in the jun - gle deep We cor - ner in his lair;

*p*

Wher - ev - er in some land new-found, Our star - ry flag's un - furled;
Our larg - est prof - it's al - ways made On what we sell at home.
And sell at pri - ces ver - y cheap, Our new health un - der - wear.

Wher -
In
And

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e'er the sun is known to shine, Or winds con - sent to blow, These
for - eign lands we've left be - hind The Ger - man and the Scotch, Each
where the bo - re - al - is gleams A - mid the ice and snow, We

nim - ble coun - try - men of mine, On bus' - ness er - rands go. In
Zu - lu war - rior now can wind His Wa - ter - bur - y watch. In
work some ver - y fox - y schemes Up - on the Es - qui - mo. In

south - ern isles, where nat - ure smiles, They sell the "ham what am?" Up -
To - ki - o, and Bor - ne - o, And where Eu - phra - tes winds, The
Man - da - lay, and U - ru - guay, And o'er the An - des range, Each

on some cliff of Ten - er - iffe You'll read, "Don't be a clam?" In
na - tives munch each day for lunch, Our fif - ty sev - en kinds. In
dis - tant spot, through us has got A tel - e - phone ex - change. In

Eng - land, Ire - land, Scot - land, Wales, We show our goods and make our sales, No
E - gypt now the A - rab chief, Goes armed with cans of pot - ted beef; And
Sing - a - pore and Zan - zi - bar, We plant the mer - ry trol - ley car, And

*rit.*

oth - er drum - mer can out - rank The bold and en - ter - pris - ing Yank. The
rides in - stead of cam - els slow An au - to car from Ko - ko - mo. The
Hon - o - lu - lu oft has seen Our nick - el - in - the - slot ma - chine. The

*rit.*

REFRAIN.

Yan - kee, Yan - kee, Yan - kee, Yan-kee, Ir - re - press - i - ble Yank, A

reg - u - lar trav - el - ling board of trade, And a two - leg - ged sort of a

bank If you deal with him and don't get left, Your luck - y stars youll

thank. This Yan - kee, Yan-kee, Yan - kee, Yan - kee, Ir - re-press- i - ble

ALL PRINCIPALS.

Yank. The Yan - kee, Yan - kee, Yan - kee, Yan - kee, Ir - re - press - i - ble

CHORUS.

The Yan - kee, Yan - kee, Yan - kee, Yan - kee, Yan - kee, Yan - kee,

The Yan - kee, Yan - kee, Yan - kee, Yan - kee, Yan - kee, Yan - kee,

*f*

Yank. A reg - u - lar trav - el - ling board of trade, And a

Yan - kee, Yan - kee, Yan - kee, Yan - kee, Yan - kee, Yan - kee,

Yan - kee, Yan - kee, Yan - kee, Yan - kee, Yan - kee, Yan - kee,

two - leg - ged sort of a bank. If you deal with him and

Yan - kee Yan - kee Yan - kee Yan - kee Yan - kee Yan - kee

Yan - kee Yan - kee Yan - kee Yan - kee Yan - kee Yan - kee

don't get left, Your luck - y stars you'll thank. This

Yan - kee Yan - kee Yan - kee Yan - kee Yan - kee Yan - kee

Yan - kee Yan - kee Yan - kee Yan - kee Yan - kee Yan - kee

Yan - kee, Yan-kee, Yan - kee, Yan-kee, Yan - kee, Yan-kee, Yan - kee, Yan - kee,

Yan - kee Yan-kee Yan - kee Yan - kee Yan-kee Yan - kee Yan - kee Yan - kee

Yan - kee Yan-kee Yan - kee Yan - kee Yan-kee Yan - kee Yan - kee Yan - kee

Yan - kee, Yan-kee, Yan - kee, Yan-kee, Ir - re-press-i-ble Yank.

Yan - kee Yan-kee Yan - kee Yan-kee Yan - kee Yan - kee Yank.

Yan - kee Yan-kee Yan - kee Yan-kee Yan - kee Yan - kee Yank.

# Chorus of Mourners and Entrance of Widow.

## No 9a

Chorus.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.

Moderato.

Piano.

*f*

CHORUS.

See where she comes, brok - en heart - ed, Life is but an emp - ty dream,

See where she comes, brok - en heart - ed, Life is but an emp - ty dream,

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Mourn-ing for the dear de - part - ed, Brok - en by a woe su - preme.

Mourn-ing for the dear de - part - ed, Brok - en by a woe su - preme.

(WIDOW ENTERS.)

Deep is our woe, Soon she must go. To her fate by law de-creed,

Deep is our woe, Soon she must go To her fate by law de - creed,

O - mee O - mi, Say your good-bye, From all cares of life you're freed.

O - mee O - mi, Say your good-bye, From all cares of life you're freed.

# No 9b The Man She'll Never Meet.

Widow (Omee-Omi) and Chorus.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.

SOLO (WIDOW OMEE.)

Voice.

Piano.

Here in Ka - choo a wi - dow's grief Is some - thing quite be - yond be - lief, And du - ty rules that she must show The out - ward marks of deep - est woe. You won - der at my grief sin - cere, I

In girl - hood dreams I'd oft - en see The beau i - de - al meant for me, And hope would whis - per, "Don't des - pair; Some day his love he will de - clare." But ah! this one whom I a - dore, Still

*ten.*

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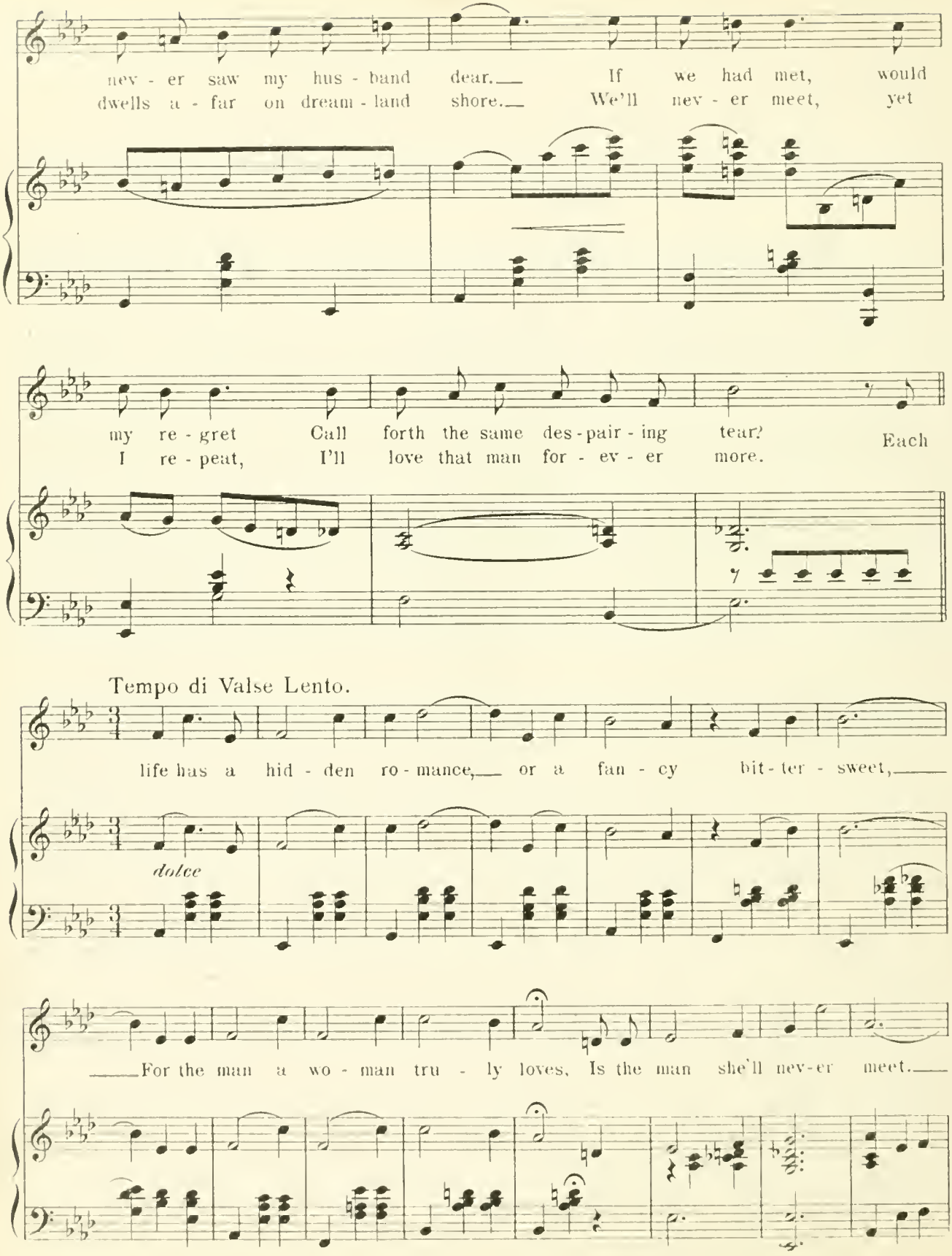
nev - er saw my hus - band dear. If we had met, would
dwells a - far on dream - land shore. We'll nev - er meet, yet
my re - gret Call forth the same des - pair - ing tear? Each
I re - peat, I'll love that man for - ev - er more.
Tempo di Valse Lento.
life has a hid - den ro - mance, or a fan - cy bit - ter - sweet,
dolce
For the man a wo - man tru - ly loves, Is the man she'll nev - er meet.

For the

CHORUS.

Each life has a hid - den ro-mance, or a fan - cy bit-ter sweet, For the

Each life has a hid - den ro-mance, or a fan - cy bit-ter sweet, For the

*pp*

Recit.

man a wo - man tru - ly loves, Is the man she'll nev-er meet.

*pp*

man a wo - man tru - ly loves. Man she'll nev-er meet.

*pp*

man a wo - man tru - ly loves. Man she'll nev-er meet.

*pp*

Ped.

Dialogue.

Recitative Basso.

E-nough! the fa - tal hour draws nigh When you must say your last good-

bye!

CHORUS.

The hour draws nigh, When she must

The hour draws nigh, When she must

The hour draws nigh, when she must

WIDOW.

*p*

The hour draws nigh when I must die!

die.

die.

*f*

*p*

*pp* *mf* *p*

Now day - light is fad - ing and soft - ly the pall has

*pp* *mf* *p*

Now day - light is fad - ing and soft - ly the pall has

*pp* *mf* *p*

*fz* *p* *p*

come like a cur - tain de - scend - ing, Thro' the dusk we hear the

*fz* *p* *p*

come like a cur - tain de - scend - ing, Thro' the dusk we hear the

*fz* *p* *p*

*p* *pp* *pp*

night - in - gale's call With the moan of the night-breez - es blend - ing. Now

*p* *pp* *pp*

night - in - gale's call, With the moan of the night-breez - es blend - ing. Now

*p* *pp* *pp*

*p*

day - light is fad - ing and soft - ly the pall Has

*p*

day - light is fad - ing and soft - ly the pall Has

*p*

*f* *pp* *pp* *mf*

come like a cur - tain de - scend - ing, Thro' the dusk we may hear the

*f* *pp* *pp* *mf*

come like a cur - tain de - scend - ing, Thro' the dusk we may hear the

*f* *pp* *pp* *mf*

*f* *rit. e dim.* *pp*

night - in - gale's call, With the moan of the night-breez - es blend - ing.

*f* *rit. e dim.* *pp*

night - in - gale's call, With the moan of the night-breez - es blend - ing.

*f* *rit. e dim.* *pp*

ORCHESTRA.

# Love, You Must Be Blind.

## № 10.

DUET.

Omee - Omi and Spangle.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.

Allegro.

Voice.

Piano.

OMEE.

Tell me if you can, the

SPANG.

rule by which a man Se - lects his worse or bet - ter

SPANG.

half. Tru - ly it would seem to be a lot - t'ry scheme, The

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priz - es oft - en make one laugh. The
The

Allegretto.

OMEE.

won - an slim and thin, and tall, Will love a hu - man but - ter ball. While
howl - ing swell will court a peach, All paint and pow - der pads and bleach. And

SPANG.

one who's round and plump and fat, A - dores some-one as tall as that. The
dain - ty Dot - tie small and neat, Loves awk-ward John, all hands and feet. The

OMEE.

au - thor of a learn-ed book, Is some-times wed - ed to his cook. The
man who six - ty years has seen, Gets mashed on some-thing just six - teen. The

SPANG.

girl who's friv - o - lous and gay, Picks out a meek Y. M. C. A. The
styl - ish maid, di - vine - ly fair, A fid-dling freak with lots of hair. A

OMEE.

states-man with am - bi - tion high Will choose a so - cial but - ter - fly. The
well - bred heir - ess will e - lope With one who u - ses scent - ed soap. While

SPANG.

Char - ley kind of Ma - ma's pet, Pur - sues the el - der - ly sou-brette. You've
gray-haired wid - ows oft a - maze By tak - ing ten - der boys to raise. The

OMEE.

seen the beau - ty linked by fate To freckl - ed Fred, whose eyes don't mate. The
pi - ous dea - con gets roped in By Ger - tie Gay, who wants his tin. The

brok - er wor - ships as a queen, The blonde who plays a Smith ma - chine.
kind that whole-sale men a - dore, Don't know that two and two make four.

REFRAIN.
OMEE.

Cu - pid leaves all rules be - hind Fun - ny mar - ried folks we

SPANGLE.

DANCE.

*f*

*Fine.*

find, Love ah Love! you must be - blind

*Fine.*

*D.S.*

# No 11. Finale I.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.

Agitato.

Piano.

*p*

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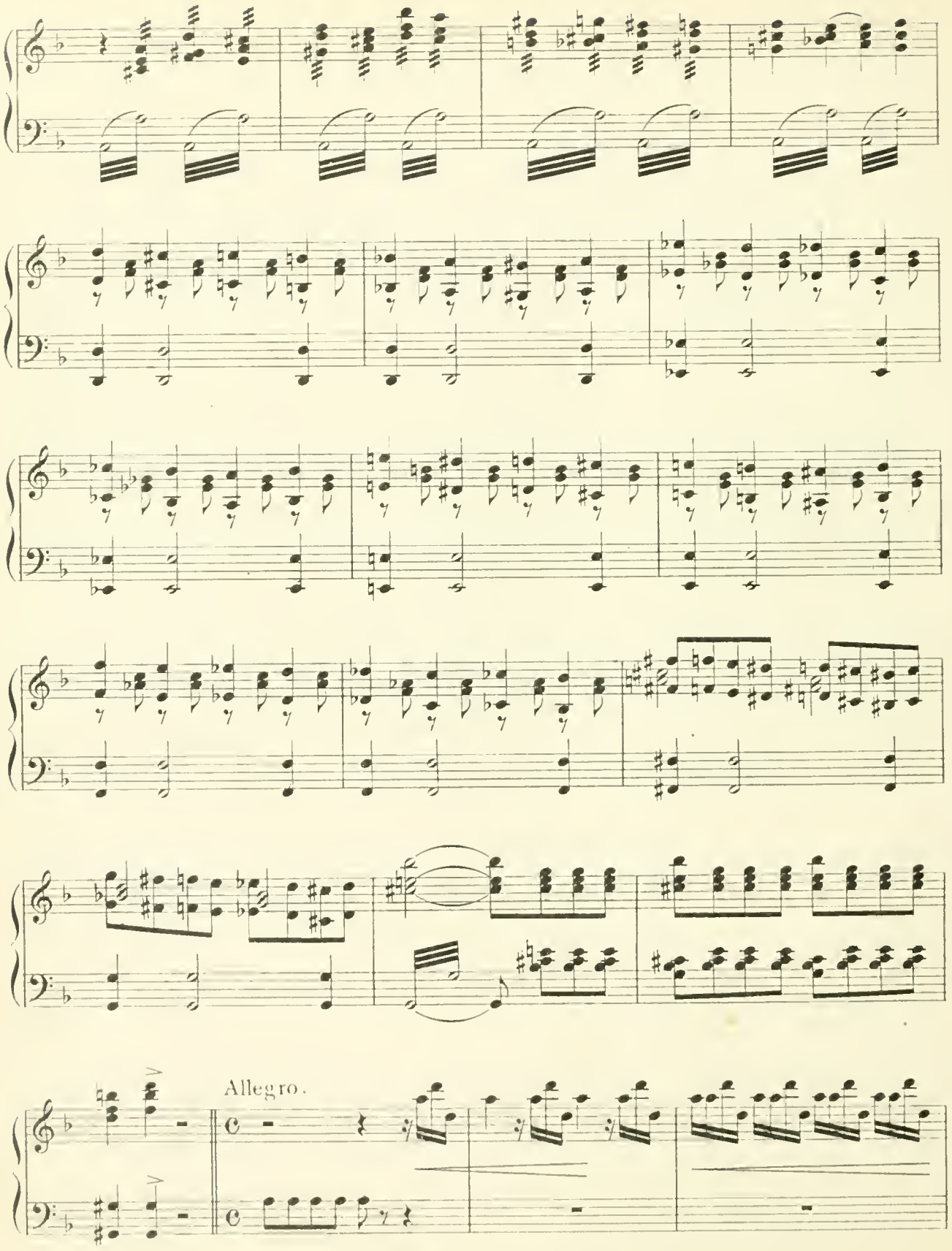
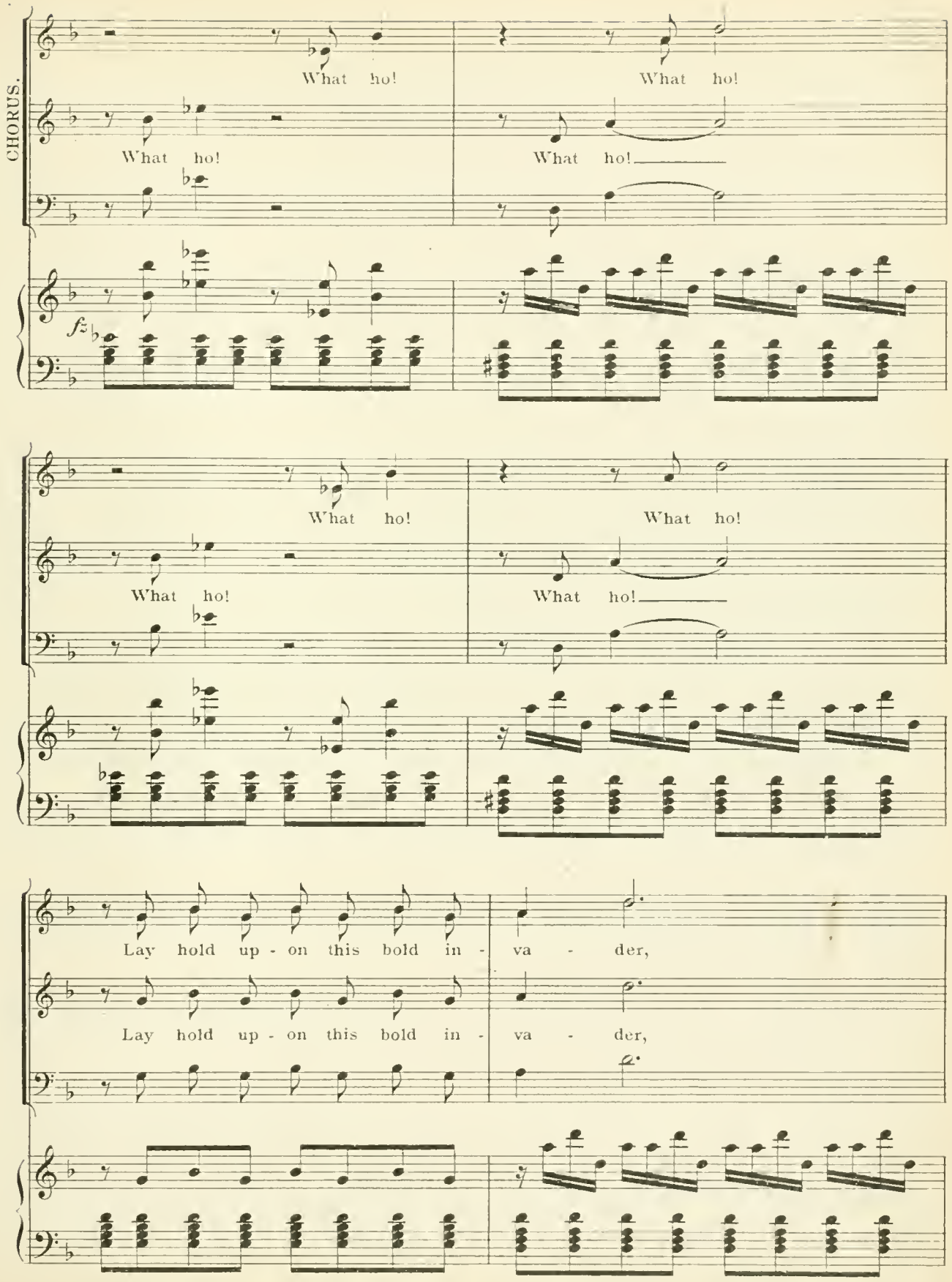

Allegro.


CHORUS.
What ho!
What ho!
What ho!
What ho!
fz
What ho!
What ho!
What ho!
What ho!
Lay hold up - on this bold in - va - der,
Lay hold up - on this bold in - va - der,

Who dares the Sho - Gun to de - fy!

Who dares the Sho - Gun to de - fy!

This most a - maz - ing Yan - kee trad - er,

This most a - maz - ing Yan - kee trad - er,

KEE-OTORI.

Our

Our law has brok - en and must die.

Our law has brok - en and must die.

sa - cred cus - toms have been set at naught By

all of you, and now that you are caught, The

luck - less four as pris - on - ers must wait Un - til the

*fz* *p*

MOOZOO-MAY.

Sho - Gun shall de - cide your fate. The

MOOZOO-MAY.

luck-less four as pris-on-ers must wait Un-til the

HI-FALOOT.

The luck-less four The four must wait,

KEE-OTORI.

The four must wait,

HANKI-PANK.

The luck-less four must wait,

*p*

Sho- -Gun shall de-cide their fate,

The luck-less four must wait,

The luck-less four must wait,

CHORUS.

The luck-less

The luck-less

*f* As pris - on - ers must wait, *p* Un - til the

*f* As pris - on - ers must wait, *p* Un - til the

*p* Un - til the

*f* As pris - on - ers must wait, *p* Un - til the

*f* four as pris - on - ers must wait, *p* Un - til the

*f* four as pris - on - ers must wait, *p* Un - til the

*f* *p*

Andantino.

Sho - Gun shall de - cide their fate.

Sho - Gun shall de - cide their fate.

Sho - Gun shall de - cide their fate.

Sho - Gun shall de - cide their fate.

Sho - Gun shall de - cide their fate.

Sho - Gun shall de - cide their fate.

Andantino.

*f* *f* *molto espressivo*

TEE-TOO.

Cour - age my own be - lov - ed.

*pp*

*f*

HUNNI-BUN.

Fear not, I'll still be true.

(Very tenderly)

Through weal and woe, The world shall know My

soul be - longs to Thee.

*f*

Thro' weal and woe, The world shall know, My soul be-longs to

Through weal and woe, The world shall know,

CHORUS.

Through weal and woe, Her soul be-longs to

Through weal and woe, Her soul be-longs to

*dolce*

*f*

Thee! My soul be-longs to Thee, My

*f*

My soul be-longs to Thee, My soul be-longs to

Thee! Her soul be-longs to Thee!

Thee! Her soul be-longs to Thee! Her

*sempre cresc.*

soul be-longs to Thee, be-longs to Thee!

Thee, be-longs to Thee, be-longs to Thee!

Her soul, Her soul be-longs to Thee!

soul be-longs to Thee, be-longs to Thee!

*ff rit.*

Maestoso.

I am, I am yours tru - - ly, And

OMEE-OMI and MOOZOO-MAY with SOPRANO.
HI-FALOOT with ALTO. KEE-OTORI and HANKI-PANK, with BASSES.
SPANGLE with TENOR or 1st BASS.

She is, she is yours tru - - ly, And

She is, she is yours tru - - ly, And

Maestoso.

*ff*

will be ev - er - more, The mean - ing of those

will be ev - er - more, The mean - ing of those

will be ev - er - more, The mean - ing of those

sim - ple words I nev - er knew be - fore.

sim - ple words she nev - er knew be - fore.

sim - ple words she nev - er knew be - fore.

Time can-not change my deep de - vo - tion,

Time can-not change her deep de - vo - tion,

Time can-not change her deep de - vo - tion,

My heart shall be. Ah!

My heart shall be. I am yours

Stead - fast her heart shall be. She is, she is yours

Stead - fast her heart shall be. She is, she is yours

*pp*

Ah! My soul be - longs to Thee!

*pp*

tru - - ly, My soul be - longs to Thee!

*pp*

tru - - ly, Her soul be - longs to Thee!

*pp*

tru - - ly, Her soul be - longs to Thee!

*pp*

*pp*

Allegro.

SPANGLE.

Since

*f*

*p*

I am King of the chew - ing-gum trust, And a Jer - sey po - ten - tate; I

hate to go, but if I must, I'll go in roy - al state.

CHORUS.

Since he is king of the

Since he is king of the

*f*

chew - ing-gum trust, And a Jer - sey po - ten - tate, He hates to go, But

chew - ing-gum trust, And a Jer - sey po - ten - tate, He hates to go, But

*rit.* (twice as low.) *a tempo*

if he must, he'll go in roy - al state.

*rit.* *a tempo*

if he must, he'll go in roy - al state.

KEE-OTORI

*rit.* *a tempo* "Come to the forbidden City!"

*rit.*

Allegro.

SPANGLE.

(Spoken.) The one ambition of my democratic soul is to be realized, I am going to

*p*

see the inside of a palace, Hurrah!

PRINCIPALS only.

CHORUS.

Hur - rah! hur - rah! hur - rah! With

Hur - rah! hur - rah! hur - rah! With

*ff* *mf*

Tempo di Marcia.

*1st time Solo, 2d time with Chorus.*

Kee - O - to - ri at their head, The sol - diers of Ka - choo, Will

Kee - O - to - ri at their head, The sol - diers of Ka - choo, Will

Tempo di Marcia.

guard those bold in - trig - uers led by Yan - kee Doo - dle - Doo. For -

guard those bold in - trig - uers led by Yan - kee Doo - dle - Doo. For -

bid - den Cit - y walls must hide each rogue un - til the time Our

bid - den Cit - y walls must hide each rogue un - til the time Our

ALL SOLO & CHORUS.

might - y Sho - Gun shall de - cide a - pen - ance for the crime. With crime.

might - y Sho - Gun shall de - cide a - pen - ance for the crime. With crime.

*ff*

Shout the word and march a - way, Lock them

Shout the word and march a - way, Lock them

*fff*

up with - out de - lay. Naught of pit - y

up with - out de - lay. Naught of pit - y

let us show, To our strange and dead - ly foe.

let us show, To our strange and dead - ly foe.

HUNNI-BUN.

Ah!

Shout the word and march a - way, Lock them up with -

Shout the word and march a - way, Lock them up with -

Ah!

out de - lay. Swing in line and nev - er hes - i - tate, For

out de - lay. Swing in line and nev - er hes - i - tate, For

Their fate.

he must lead them to their fate. Let us a - way, Let's march a -

he must lead them to their fate. Let us a - way, Let's march a -

A - way! A - way!

way, Let us a - way, Let's march a - way.

way, Let us a - way, Let's march a - way.

Let's march a - - way, A -

Let's march a - - way, Let us march a -

Let's march a - - way, Let us march a -

*ff* *rit.*

Andante.

way.

way, Let us a - way.

way, Let us a - way.

Andante.

*ff* *ff*

End of ACT I.

ACT II.

# Opening Chorus.

## No. 12.

Hunni-Bun, Omee-Omi, Moozoo-May, and Sing-Song Girls.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.

Andante.

Piano.

p

p

CURTAIN.

tr tr tr

rit molto

HUNNI-BUN with SOPRANO.
OMEE-OMI and MOOZOO-MAY with ALTO.

June is a love-song, Sweet is the meas-ure,

p

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Time for i - dle leis - ure, Time for jest and pleas - ure. June is a love - song,

Sweet is the meas - ure, Wor - ry is barred from this land of morn - ing

calm. In the leaves we read a mes - sage, Ev - 'ry bloom con - tains a rhyme;

On the breeze there comes the ech - o Of the dis - tant tem - ple's chime. Here where

shad-ows soft are weav - ing, Here where per-fume-fills the air;

shad - - ows soft are weav-ing, Here where per - - fume fills the air:

Here where voic - es blend in sweet-est meas-ure, We are free from

guile or care. Here where gen-tle flow'rs are bloom - ing,

We are free from guile and care. Here where gen - - tle flow'rs are bloom-ing,

Here where girls are young and fair;

Here where girls are young and fair; Here where

all is youth and sun - shine, We are free from guile or care.

Wis - tar - i - a, Wis - tar - i - a,

June is a love - song, Sweet is the meas - ure;

Time for i - dle leis - ure, Time for jest and pleas - ure.

HUNNI-BUN.

June is a love - song, Ah!

June is a love - song, Sweet is the meas - ure; Free from guile and

Yes free, are we,

care, Free from guile and care, Free from guile and care are we,

Free from care are we.

Free from guile and care are we.

*ff*

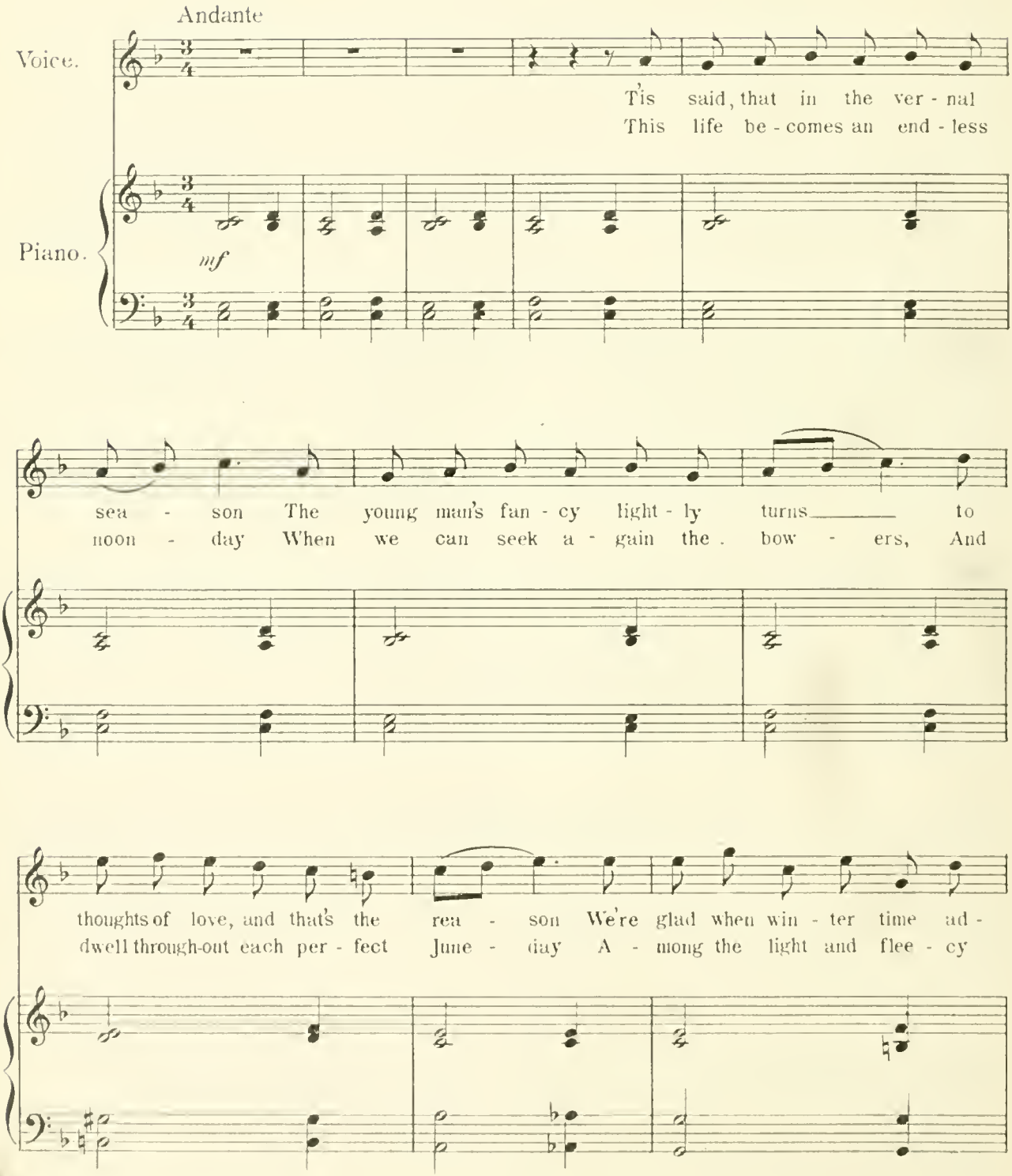
# Wistaria, my Bride.

No 13.

Hunni-Bun.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.

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journs. These maid - ens all a - bout me throng - ing Re -
flowers. They seem to breathe a wel - come sto - ry, And

flect on love through-out the year, But nev - er with such ea - ger
say that dull des - pair is dead, And nat - ure waits to crown with

Refrain.

long - ing As when the month of June is here. Wis -
glo - ry This hap - py month when maid - ens wed.

*rit.*

Andantino.

tar - ia, Wis - tar - ia, Droop-ing in slen - der grace; Wis -

tar - ia, Wis - tar - ia, Lift up your pret - ty face.

CHORUS.

Wis -

Wis -

tar - ia Wis - tar - ia, Queen of the fair June - tide,

*molto espress*
*dolce.*

tar - ia, Wis - tar - ia, You are my blush-ing bride.

tar - ia, Wis - tar - ia, You are my blush-ing bride.

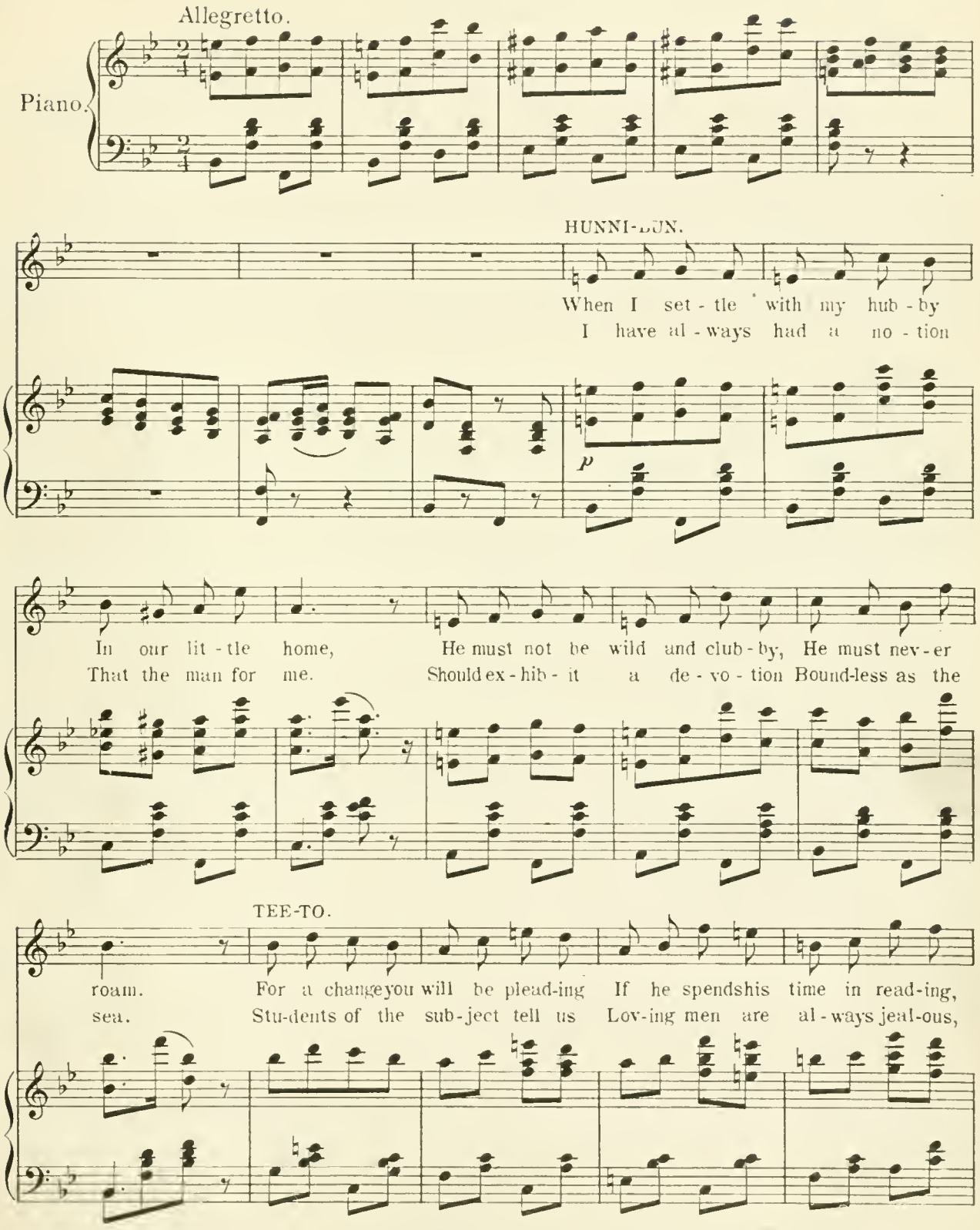
# Nº 14. Your Honeymoon Will Last.

DUET.

Hunni-Bun and Tee-To.

Lyric by GEORGE ADE.

Music by GUSTAV LUDERS.

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Some ex-cite-ment you'll be need-ing, if he stays at home.
Mod-ern, up-to-date O-thel-los, fool-ish as can be.

HUNNI-BUN.

But if I've an in-vi-ta-tion To some gay af-fair,
If to oth-ers he's at-ten-tive I will nev-er care,

He must show an in-cli-na-tion To es-cort me there.
Con-stant love shall be pre-ven-tive, Watch-ing ev-'ry snare.

TEE-TO.

If he comes home feel-ing drear-y, Says your friends all make him wea-ry,
But when wid-ow am-a-to-ry Leads him to con-serv--a-to-ry,

HUNNI-BUN.

To

To

TEE-TO.

Won't go out with lit - tle dear - y, What a hap - py pair!
Then you'll tell a diff'- rent sto - ry, What a hap - py pair!

Allegro ma non troppo.

each there's some ob - jec - tion, No man is quite per - fec - tion, For
each there's some ob - jec - tion, No man is quite per - fec - tion, For

some are slow, and oth - ers go a pace that's ver - y fast. So
some de - light to flirt each night with wid - ows that are fast. So

take them as you find them. Just
take them as you find them. Just

If they have faults don't mind them,
If they have faults don't mind them,

*rit.*

let him have his own sweet way, And your hon - ey - moon will_ last.
let him have his own sweet way, And your hon - ey - moon will_ last.

*rit.*

*f*

*S.*

*D.S.*

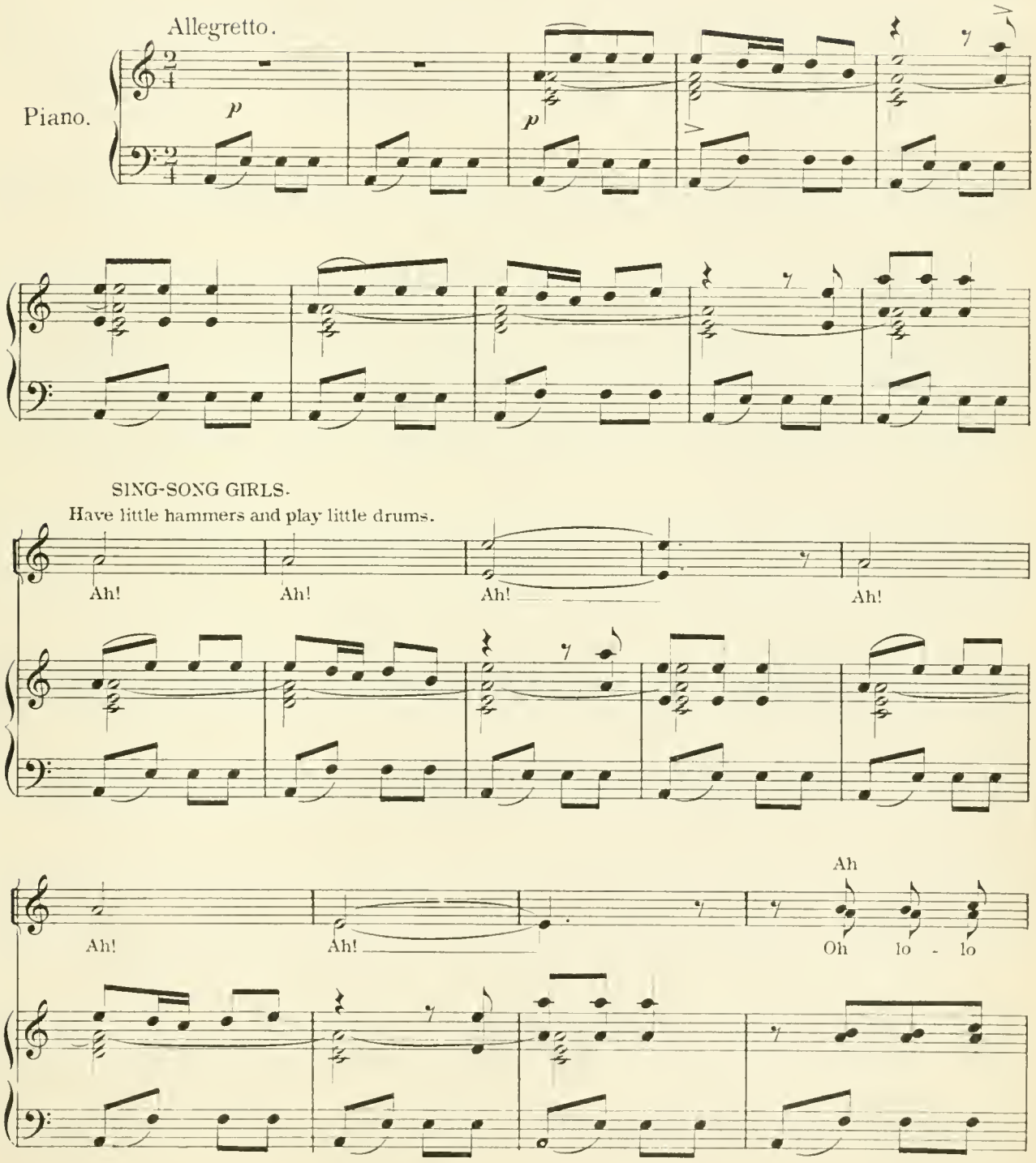
# № 15. Hi-ko, Hi-ko.

Korean Dance.

Moozoo-May and Sing-Song Girls.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.

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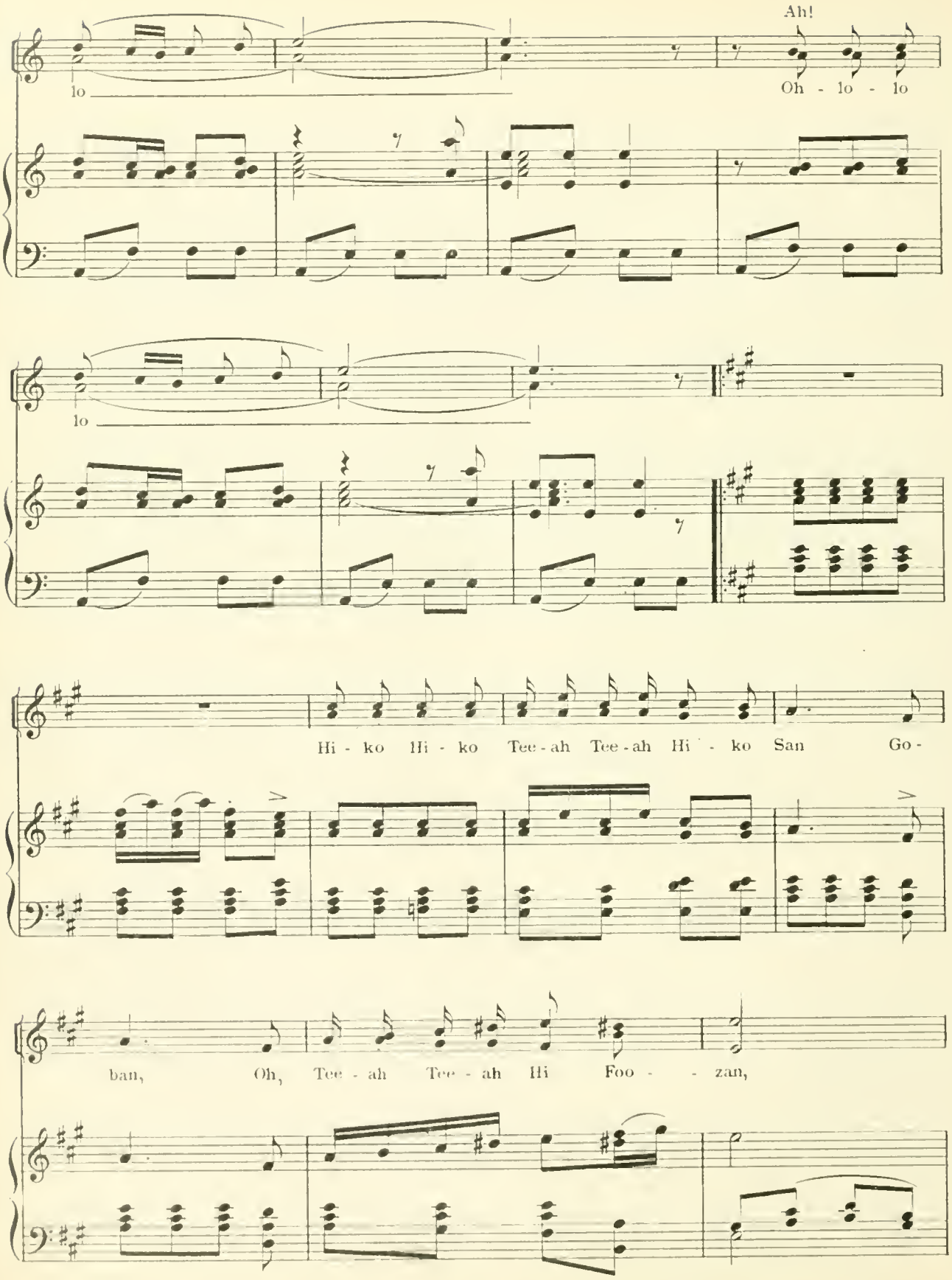
Ah!
lo
Oh - lo - lo
lo
Hi - ko Hi - ko Tee - ah Tee - ah Hi - ko San Go -
ban, Oh, Tee - ah Tee - ah Hi Foo - - zan,

Hi - ko, Hi - ko

Tee - ah Tee - ah Hi - ko San Go - ban. Oh

Tee - ah Tee - ah Hi - ko San.

Tee - ah Hi - ko San.

*rit.*

*f*

# No. 16. The Games We Used To Play.

Spangle, Moozoo-May and Girls.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.

Allegretto pastorale.

Piano.

*f*

*mp*

Back in the gold - en days of youth, On a farm in I - o way; Hap - pi - est days of all were they, If you go; Mus - cu - lar maid of six - feet - two, With a fled; Snug - gled so warm and hold - ing hands, In the

Oft' I re - call the girl I loved, In the days of long a -

Best of the pleas - ures that we knew, In the days that now have

*p*

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don't care what you say. Noth - ing to do but
cheek of ro - sy glow. I would es - cort my
big old - time bob - sled. Cal - i - co dam sels

milk the cows, And feed the gen - tle stock, And
Gen - e - vieve To man - y a husk - ing bee, And
just as proud as an - y queen in silk, And

work like a Turk from ear - ly morn Till near - ly eight o' - clock. The
she at the call of "lad - ies choice" Would al - ways grab for me. With a
we did - n't take them out to dine, They lived on mush and milk. But the

on - ly joy of the coun - try boy, To
sud - den swoop and a mer - ry whoop, She'd
nois - y fun when the work ___ was done, And the

fill his soul with glee, ___ On a frost - y night, When the
mop me 'round the floor, ___ And though I'd re - sist, I was
ci - der flow - ing free, ___ With a "bal - ance all," at the

moon shines bright, A - way to the husk - ing bee. ___
al - ways kissed, Sing hey, for the days of yore! ___
fid - dler's call, We'd swing in the jam - bo - ree. ___

Allegretto.

*After 1st Verse.*

Go to the East, go to the West, go to the one that you love best; If

*p*

she's not here to take your part, choose an othr with all your heart. Down

on this car - pet you must kneel as sure's the grass grows in the field, Sa -

1 CHORUS and MOOZOO-MAY. 2

lute your bride and kiss her sweet, and then you rise up - on your feet. Go - on your feet.

Refrain.

I long and sigh for the days gone by, I pine for the rus - tic charm —

CHORUS.

Of the

*p*

dear old games, of the queer old games We played down on the farm.

*D. S.*

*After 2nd Verse.*

I think I hear the rain - crow say, I think I hear the

2nd 8va

rain - crow say, I think I hear the rain - crow say, "It

ain't a goin' to rain no more." Swing your true love,

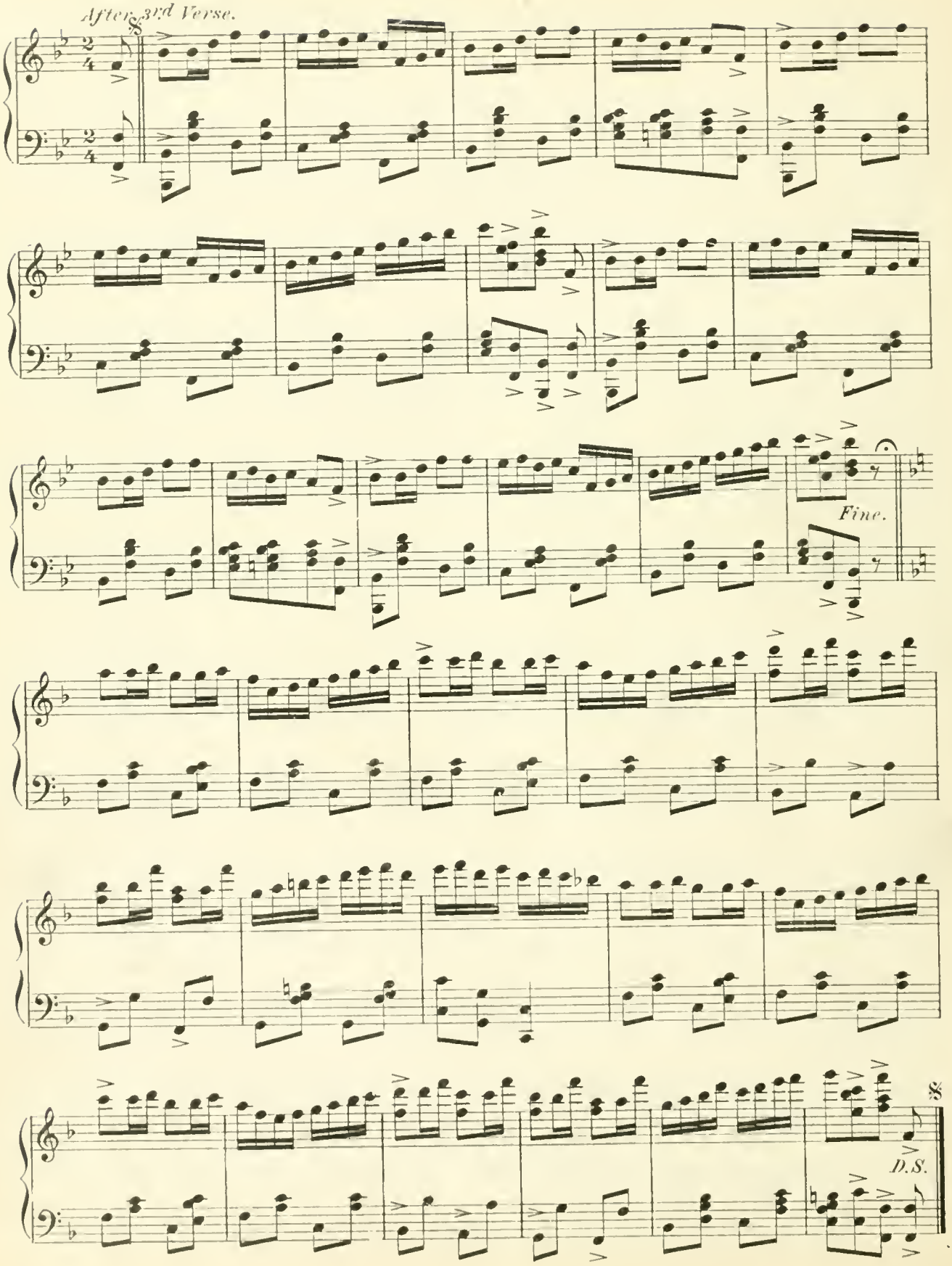
Swing her back a - gain, Swing your true love, Swing her back a - gain.

Swing your true love Swing her back a - gain. It ain't a - goin' to rain no

more. It ain't a - goin' to rain no more.

COUNTRY DANCE.

*After 3rd Verse.*



# The Wedding Ceremony.

No. 17.

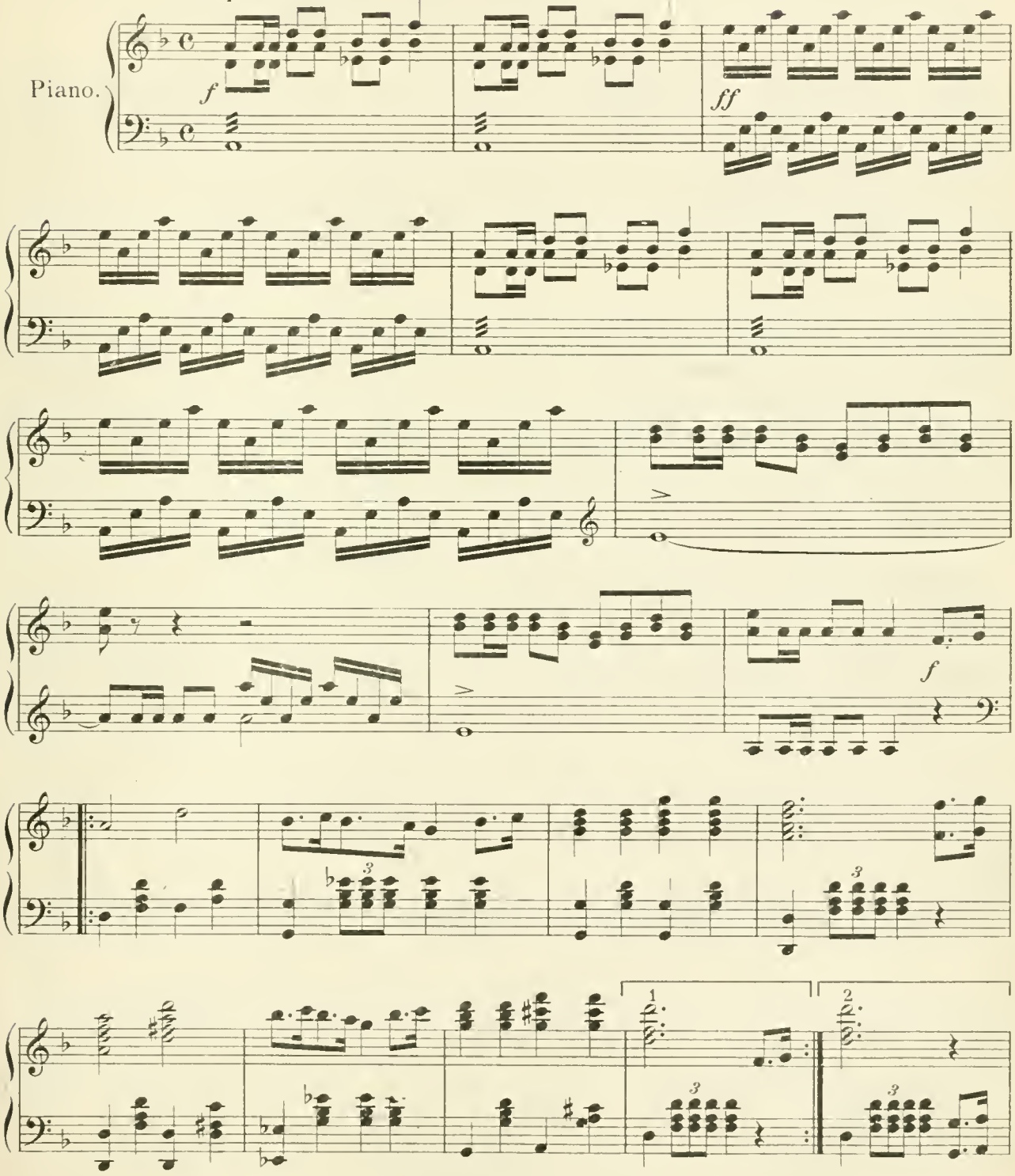
ENSEMBLE.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.

Tempo di Marcia.

Piano.

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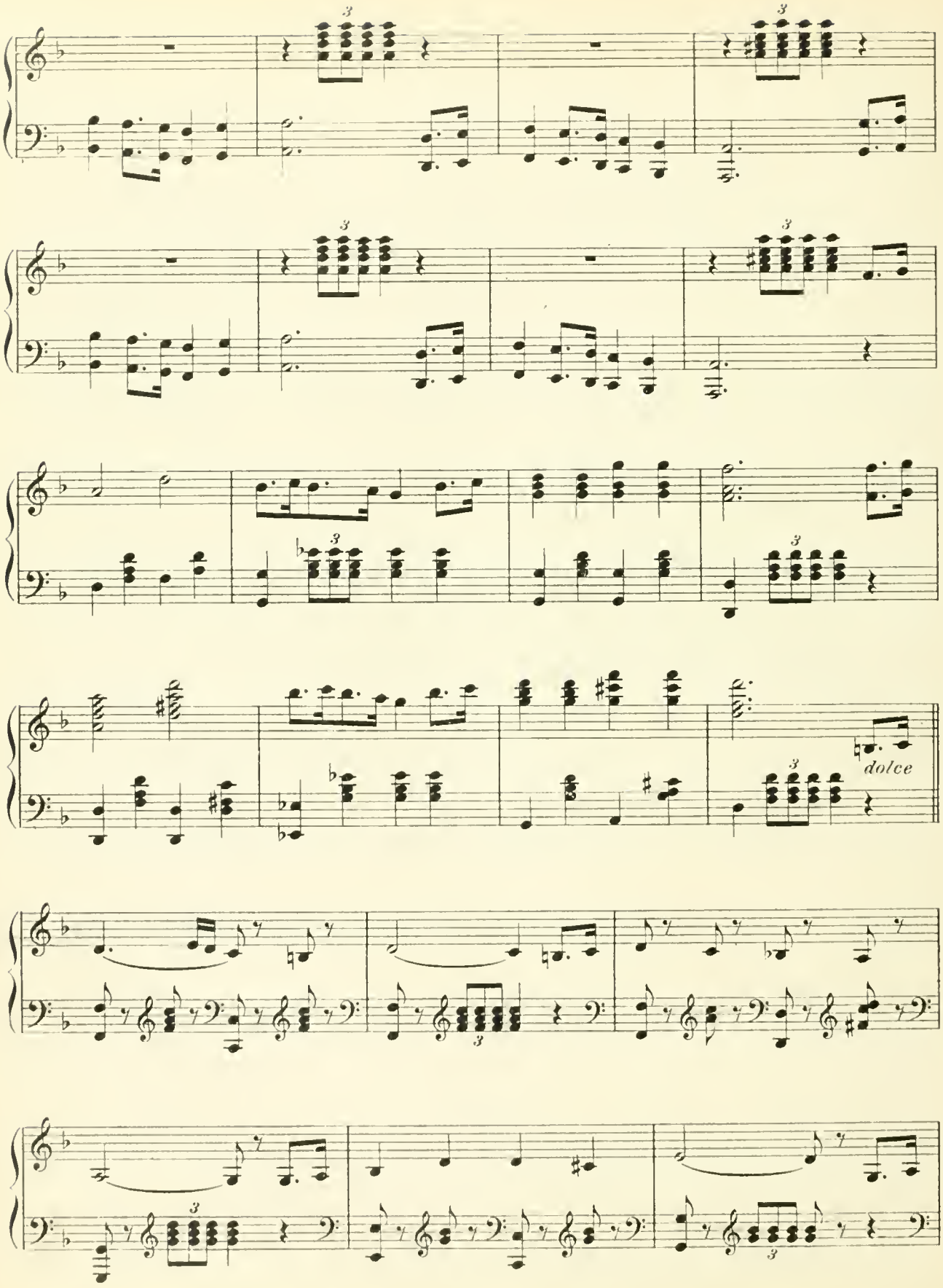
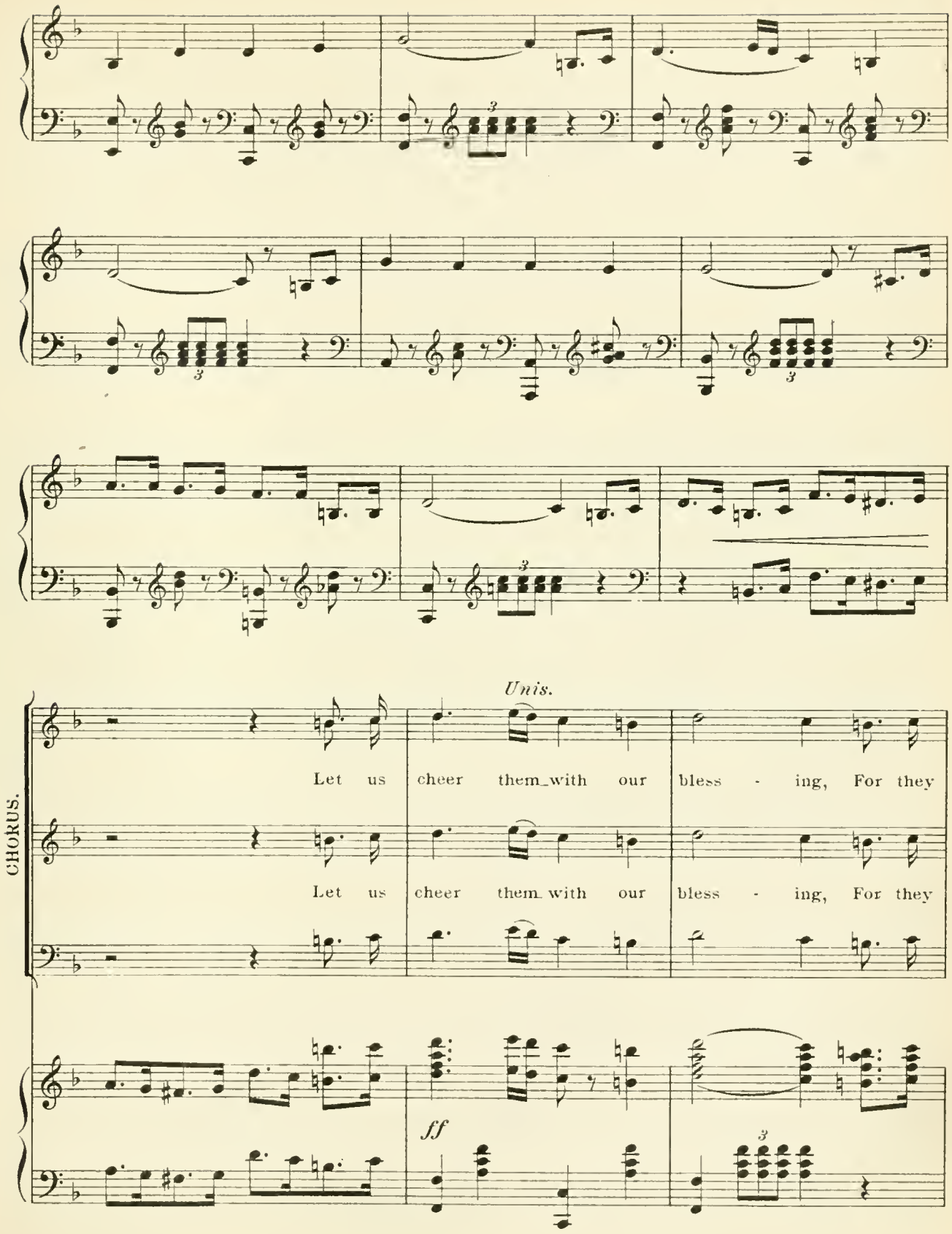

dolce


Unis.
CHORUS.
Let us cheer them with our bless - ing, For they
Let us cheer them with our bless - ing, For they
ff

soon will be de - part - ed On a voy - age full of

soon will be de - part - ed On a voy - age full of

guess - ing, Full of reefs that are not chart - ed;

guess - ing, Full of reefs that are not chart - ed;

Sail a - way, Sail a - way to - geth - er, Weigh the anch - or,

Sail a - way, Sail a - way to - geth - er, Weigh the anch - or,

*f*

Hope for pleas-ant weath-er, Let us give to them a glad good - bye.

Hope for pleas-ant weath-er, Let us give to them a glad good - bye.

*fz*

Greet the hap - py pair, Greet the hap - py pair.

Greet the hap - py pair, Greet the hap - py pair.

*pp*

CHORUS.

Be-hold the pa-per he has signed, He leaves all sin-gle joys be-

Be-hold the pa-per he has signed, He leaves all sin-gle joys be-

hind. He leaves all sin-gle joys be-

hind. He leaves all sin-gle joys be-

hind, Good-bye, Good-bye, Good-bye!

hind, Good-bye, Good-bye, Good-bye!

Allegretto.

HANKI-PANK. (to Omee)

You need not mean it

OMEE-OMI.

I

when you say You'll love and hon - or and o - bey.

give this man my heart and hand.

CHORUS.

She gives this man her

She gives this man her

HANKI-PANK.

This trust-ing crea-ture here and now, with all your goods you

heart and hand.

heart and hand.

SPANGLE.

I'm on! I'm next! I un-der-stand.

must en-dow. This sol-emn con-tract

*f*

*rit.*

Allegro.

must re-main in force, Un-til it is an-nulled by a di-vorce.

CHORUS.

They will be man and wife of course, Ex - cept in case of

They will be man and wife of course, Ex - cept in case of

a di - vorce; They'll set - tle down and hap - py be, Un - til they dis - a -

a di - vorce; They'll set - tle down and hap - py be, Un - til they dis - a -

gree. They start a - way 'neath skies so clear, Up - on a calm and

gree. They start a - way 'neath skies so clear, Up - on a calm and

pla - cid sea, And each will let the oth - er steer, Un - til at last they

pla - cid sea, And each will let the oth - er steer, Un - til at last they

HANKI - PANK. *rit.*

I now pro - nounce you

dis - a - gree. To you much joy and long - est life.

dis - a - gree. To you much joy and long - est life.

*rit.*

man and

STOP.

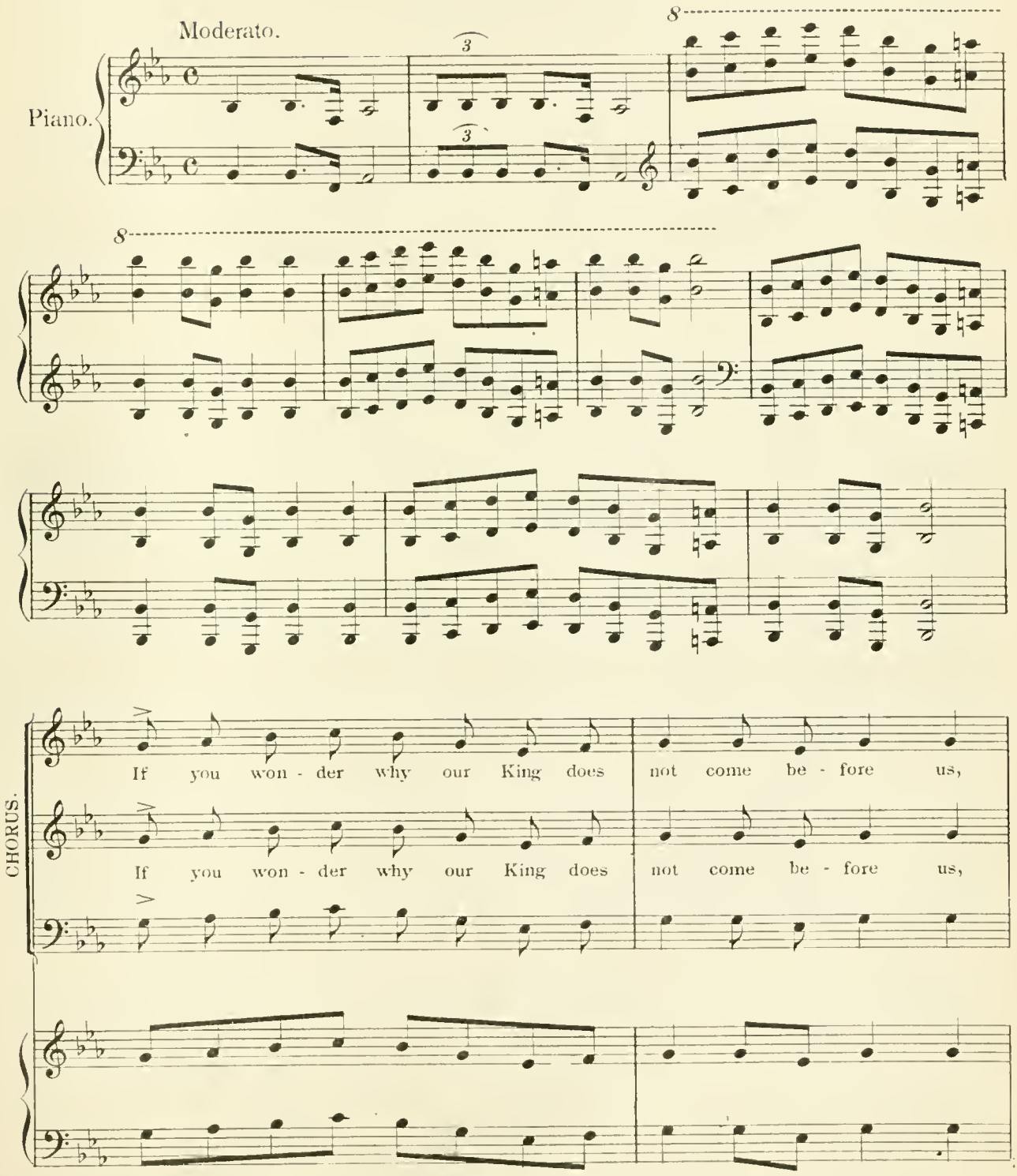
*fz* *pp*

# Entrance of Flai-Hai.

## No 18.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.

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We come first that we may sing a wel - come_ cho - rus. In the realm of com-ic plays it

We come first that we may sing a wel - come_ cho - rus. In the realm of com-ic plays it

is our im-press - ion, He who rules must tag a - long be - hind the pro - cess - ion

is our im-press - ion, He who rules must tag a - long be - hind the pro - cess - ion

Banners appear here. Women tripping.

Give a loud hoo - ray! Let the mu - sic play,

Give a loud hoo - ray! Let the mu - sic

For our might - y rul - er has come back to us to - day.

play, Let mu - - sic play, Give a loud hoo -

Ban - ners wav - ing gay, Let the trum - pets bray,

ray! Ban - ners wav - ing gay, Let the trum - pets

For our Sho-Gun has re-turned to - day. Flai - Hai is rul - er of the

bray, the trum - pets bray. Flai - Hai is rul - er of the

earth, By mer-est ac - ci - dent of birth.

earth, By mer-est ac - ci - dent of birth.

Greet him with cheers ec - stat - ic, In man - ner op - er - at - ic,

Greet him with cheers ec - stat - ic, In man - ner op - er - at - ic,

We hail our mon - arch to - day. In the realm of com-ic plays it

We hail our mon - arch to - day. In the realm of com-ic plays it

is our im-press - ion, He who rules must tag a - long be - hind the pro-cess-ion.

is our im-press - ion, He who rules must tag a - long be - hind the pro-cess-ion.

It would seem to be a rule of our great pro - fess - ion,

It would seem to be a rule of our great pro - fess - ion,

We pre - cede him just to men - tion, He de - serves your close at - ten - tion.

We pre - cede him just to men - tion, He de - serves your close at - ten - tion.

Cheers for great Flai - Hai, He is the main

Cheers for great Flai - Hai, He is the main

guy, He is the main guy.

guy, He is the main guy.

# The Sho - Gun of Kachoo.

No. 19.

Flai-Hai and Chorus.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.

Marziale.

Piano.

FLAI-HAI

As the rul - er of my par - ty I made up my roy - al
As a dem - o - crat - ic rul - er I in - vite my friends to

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mind,
dine,

CHORUS.

Made up his roy - al mind.
In - vites his friends to dine.

Made up his roy - al
In - - vites them all to

That I'd be a pub - lic i - dol of the
I do not in - sist on eve - ning dress or

mind.
dine.

rough and read - y kind.
draw the col - or line.

The rough and read - y kind.
Or draw the col - or line.

The
Or

And this is what I tried my best to
It fills my heart with joy to start a

tough and Ted - dy kind.
draw the col - or line.

do. I be-came a gal-lant lea-der of the
row. As a plu-ral sort of pa-pa it has

He tried to do.
To start a row.

He tried to do.
To start a row.

*p*

no-ble vol-un-teer,
al-ways been my pride,

The no-ble vol-un-teer.
Has al-ways been his pride.

The
Has

When I fought the moun - tain li - on I would
To ___ bless the ba - bies that will save our

no - ble vol - un - teer.
al ways been his pride.

ne'er be - tray a fear.
race from su - i - cide.

He'd ___ ne'er be - tray a fear.
Our ___ race from su - i - cide.

He'd ___
Our ___

And I gave an aw - ful scare To the fe -
I can box and row and skate, I'm an ath-

ne'er be - tray a - fear.
race from su - i - cide.

ro - cious bull and bear, While ev - 'ry oc - to-pus I'd meet, Sure - ly would
let - ic heav - y-weight, And I can cheer a foot - ball score, Just like a

beat a safe re - treat. When it comes to hunt - ing game, I am the
'rah 'rah soph - o - more. All the friends I love the best, Live in the

bold - est you can name, I am a pol - i - ti - cian wise, You can sur-
wild and wool - ly West, I am a pol - i - ti - cian wise, You can sur-

mise, You can sur - mise. You can sur-
mise. You can sur - mise. You can sur-

We can sur - mise, We can sur - mise.
We can sur - mise, We can sur - mise.

We can sur - mise, We can sur - mise.
We can sur - mise, We can sur - mise.

mise I am a pol - i - ti - cian wise.
mise I am a pol - i - ti - cian wise.

For I'm stren - u - ous and scrap-py, Yet de - light - ed, bluff, and hap-py, I'm the
For I'm stren - u - ous and scrap-py, Yet I wear a grin that's hap-py, I'm the

Sho - Gun of Ka - choo. Full of most sur-pris-ing ca-pers, Keep my
Sho - Gun of Ka - choo. With a chip up-on my shoul-der, No com-

pic - ture in the pa-pers, I'm the Sho - Gun of Ka - choo.
man - der could be bold-er, I'm the Sho - Gun of Ka - choo.

He is
He is

He is
He is

*f*

stren - u - ous and scrap - py, Yet de - light - ed, bluff, and hap - py, He's the
stren - u - ous and scrap - py, Yet he wears a grin that's hap - py, He's the

stren - u - ous and scrap - py, Yet de - light - ed, bluff, and hap - py, He's the
stren - u - ous and scrap - py, Yet he wears a grin that's hap - py, He's the

Sho - Gun of Ka - choo. Full of most sur - pris - ing
Sho - Gun of Ka - choo. With a chip up - on his

Sho - Gun of Ka - choo. Full of most sur - pris - ing
Sho - Gun of Ka - choo. With a chip up - on his

of Ka - choo.

*p*

The
The

ca - pers, Keeps his pic - ture in the pa - pers, Does the Sho - Gun of Ka - choo.
shoul - der, No com - mand - er, could be bold - er He's the Sho - Gun of Ka - choo.

ca - pers, Keeps his pic - ture in the pa - pers, Does the Sho - Gun of Ka - choo.
shoul - der, No com - mand - er, could be bold - er He's the Sho - Gun of Ka - choo.

Sho - Gun of Ka - choo, The Sho - Gun of Ka - choo.
Sho - Gun of Ka - choo, The Sho - Gun of Ka - choo.

The Sho - Gun of Ka - choo.
The Sho - Gun of Ka - choo.

The Sho - Gun of Ka - choo.
The Sho - Gun of Ka - choo.

# She's Just a Little Different From The Others That I Know.

## No. 20.

DUET.

Omee-Omi and Spangle.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.

Allegretto.

Voice.

Piano.

*f*

In a wood lived Broth-er Rab-bit, of a most flir-ta-tious hab-it
Broth-er Rab-bit doubt-less knew some friends who came with fac-es grew-some

*p*

He would wag his ears at ev'-ry Bun-ny that he'd meet.
Say-ing to him "Well, old man, it seems a great mis-take,

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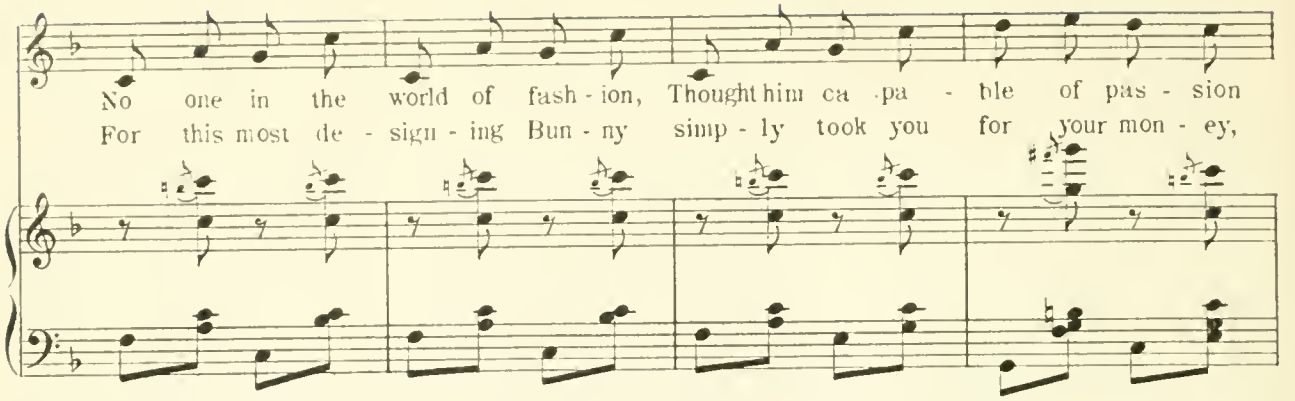
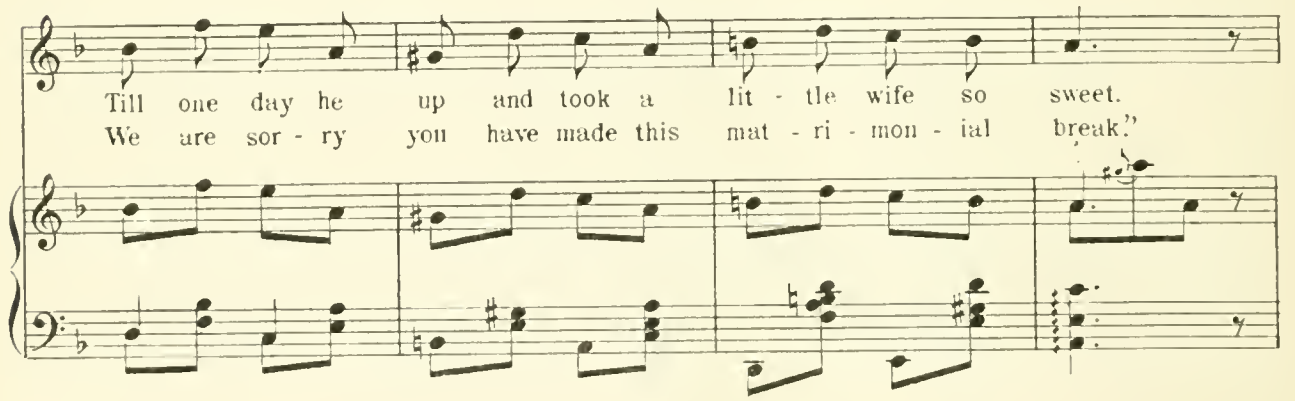
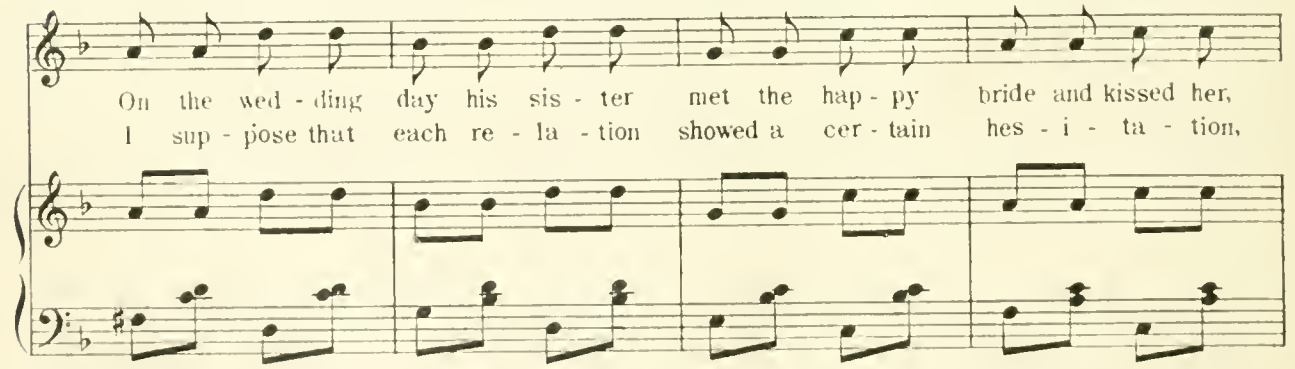
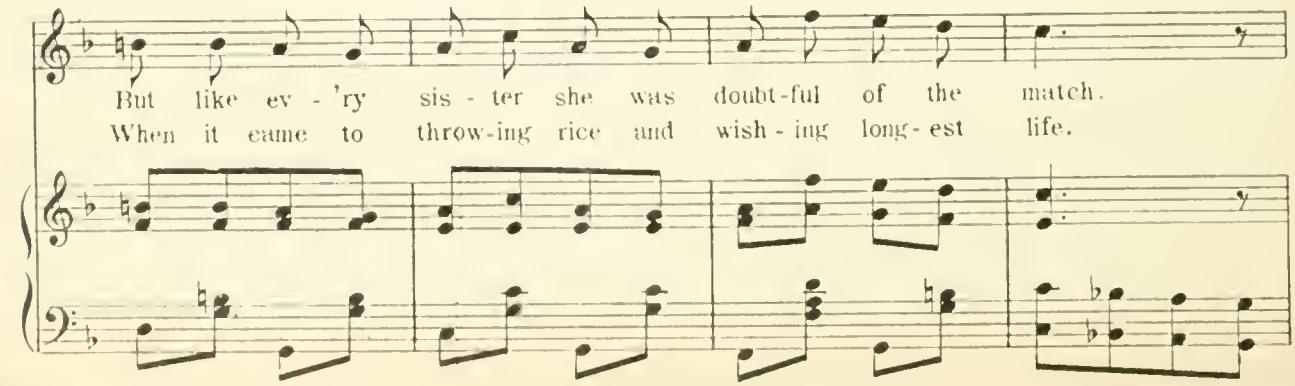

No one in the world of fash - ion, Thought him ca - pa - ble of pas - sion
For this most de - sign - ing Bun - ny simp - ly took you for your mon - ey,


Till one day he up and took a lit - tle wife so sweet.
We are sor - ry you have made this mat - ri - mon - ial break."


On the wed - ding day his sis - ter met the hap - py bride and kissed her,
I sup - pose that each re - la - tion showed a cer - tain hes - i - ta - tion,


But like ev - 'ry sis - ter she was doubt-ful of the match.
When it came to throw-ing rice and wish - ing long - est life.

For she whis - pered to her broth-er, "She'd have mar - ried an - y oth - er,
And when I, like Broth - er Rab - bit, Seek your hand and quick - ly grab it,

She is not en - ti - tled to the sea - son's on - ly catch."
All my friends will won - der why I chose you for my wife.

Broth - er Rab - bit sim - ply said; "She's the one I want to wed;
To these skep - tics I will say "She has won my heart a - way;

And to all who ask me why, I can on - ly make re - ply:" "She's
And if you would ask me why, I can on - ly make re - ply:"

Refrain.

just a lit - tle diff - 'rent from the oth - ers that I know, Her

*p - f*

smile is more be - guil - ing and her voice is soft and low. No

oth - er may dis - cov - er why I dote up - on her so, She's

1 2

just a lit - tle diff - 'rent from the oth - ers that I know. She's oth - ers that I know.

*f*

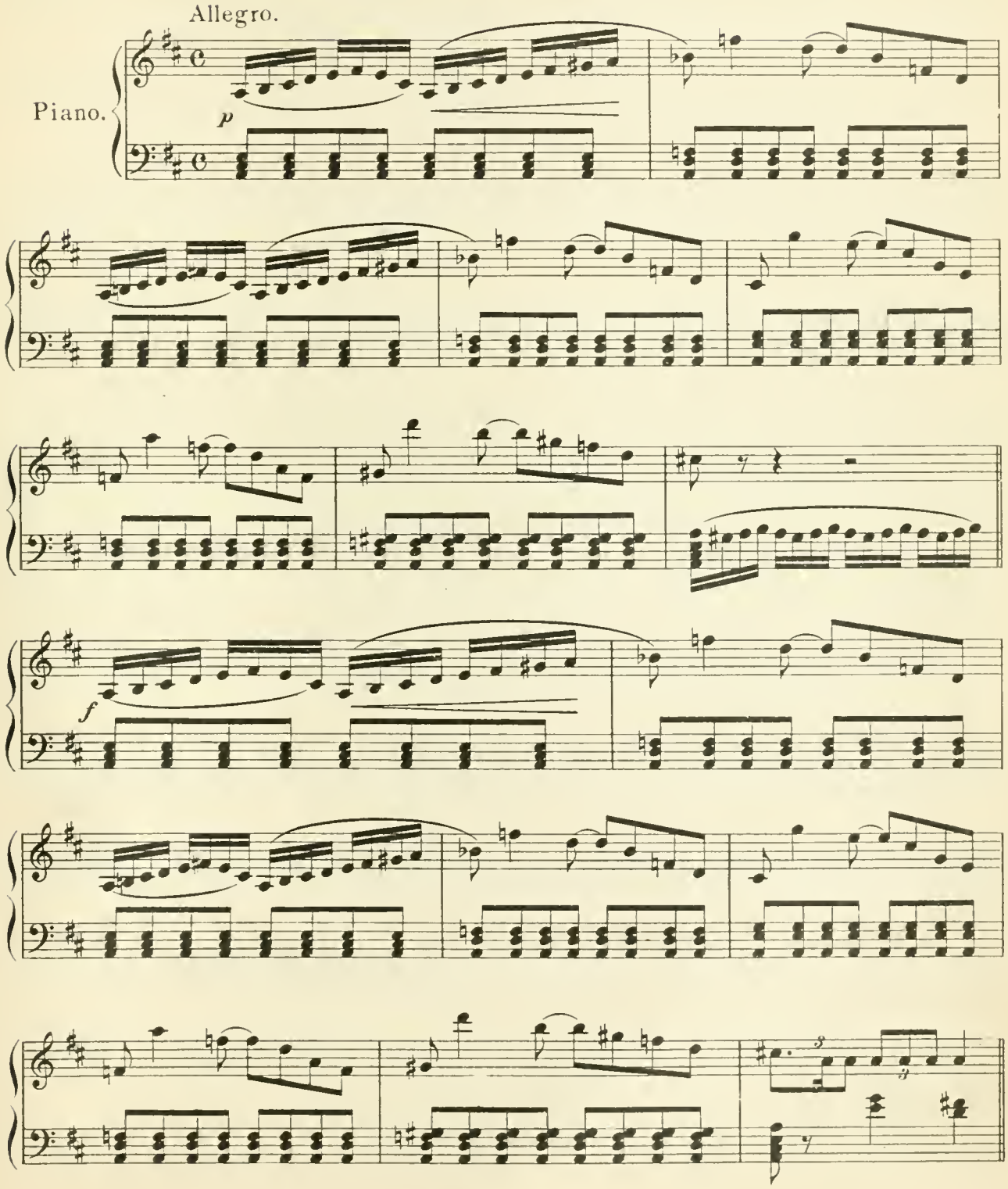
# The Jackie.

## No 21.

Ensign Beverly and Male Chorus of Jackies.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.

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ENSIGN BEVERLY.

When the
We were

*ff*

jack - ies come a - shore to work or play, It is
bus - y lads in old Ma - nil - a Bay, And at

MALE CHORUS.

TENORS.

When jack - ies come a - shore.
In old Ma - nil - a Bay.

BASSES.

*p*

time for tim - id folk to run a - way. Though his
San - ti - a - go, too, we won the day. We will

For folk to run a - way.
It's there we won the day.

*p*

tem - per it is sweet, He would rath - er fight than eat, And he's
fight for an - y gal, Or a Pan - a - ma can - al, We will

look - ing for a rum - pus ev - 'ry day. When the
ev - en fight to pass the time a - way. We ob -

MALE CHORUS.

TENORS.

We'd like a rum - puss ev - 'ry
We'll fight to pass the time a -

BASSES.

or - der comes to man the boats and go, It's e -
serve each for - eign squab - ble with de - light, We be -

day, To man the boats and go.
way, Each squab - ble with de - light.

nough for all the sai - lor boys to know There is
lieve that Un - cle Sam is al - ways right, And we

for sai - lor boys to know
that Un - cle Sam is right,

fight - ing to be done, And they are read - y for the fun, For they
wish that we knew how to kick up a live - ly row, For were

*ten.*

love a lit - tle skirm - ish with the foe. Then Hur-
ach - ing for an - oth - er chance to fight; Then Hur-

*rit.*

L.H. R.H.

Ped.

ENSIGN. *Solo first time.*

rah! for the jack - ie, he's king of the sea, He will fol - low where-e'er the flag may

rah! for the jack - ie, he's king of the sea, He will fol - low where-e'er the flag may

*p-f*

wave, He's the pride of all the fleet. And he nev - er knew de-feat, For the

wave, He's the pride of all the fleet And he nev - er knew de-feat, For the

jack-ie's al - ways true and brave Give a cheer for the jack - ie, he's

jack-ie's al - ways true and brave Give a cheer for the jack - ie, he's

king of the sea, No — com-mo-dore or ad-mi-ral so brave; He's the

king of the sea, No — com-mo-dore or ad-mi-ral so brave; He's the

pride of all the fleet, And he nev-er knew de-feat, He's the rul-er of the salt sea

pride of all the fleet And he nev-er knew de-feat, He's the

wave rul-er of the salt sea wave.

Then Hur- rul-er of the salt sea wave.

End of Opera.

PTLP Review:
- Brittle
- Acid Free

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